

The Truth About Argentina

THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 27, 1981

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Paul Fussell on Guns • John Keegan on War

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TRB

from Washington
June 27, 1981

Press-Go-Round

Is the Washington press corps doing a good job? I have been rereading *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen, which came out 50 years ago and strongly attacks the press at the end. Then there is columnist Tom Stokes's chapter in *Dateline: Washington* of 1949, and now in 1981 a couple of academic types examine us seriously with charts and statistics. Nobody is quite satisfied with Washington news gathering.

Merry-Go-Round's analysis is the most savage. The book came out anonymously and created a sensation. I remember coming to work one day and asking Bob Allen if he had heard about it, and wondering why he pounded down the corridor of the 12th floor of the National Press Building to the office of Drew Pearson at the *Baltimore Sun*. Both got fired for writing the book. Sales zoomed into best-sellerdom and they launched their enormously successful "Merry-Go-Round" syndicated column, now taken over by Jack Anderson under another title. *Merry-Go-Round* is dedicated "To Those Who Still Reach for the Brass Ring."

Fifty years ago Pearson and Allen criticized the press for being dominated by corporate interests back home which jerked the strings of all but a few of the Washington reporters; this press was overwhelmingly conservative, even though the Hoover world was collapsing. Pearson and Allen exaggerated things, but so what? Hoover was a nice man hit by Nemesis. He believed in weak government, low taxes, minimum federal regulation, and salvation by the free market. His secretary of the Treasury was the third richest man in America. "It was Mr. Mellon who advocated the reduction of income taxes in the

higher brackets. It was Mr. Mellon who on every conceivable occasion preached the doctrine that this reduction would release funds which would create business prosperity." How quaint he was! Andrew Mellon believed that if the state took care of the rich, the rich would take care of the poor. It was called "the trickle-down system." We can disregard the Mellon philosophy. My studies show that the archaic world had just invented the flash bulb (the Associated Press in 1930 said, "It blazed vividly, but with no report or smoke"). Every news bureau of the day had its own telegrapher, who used Morse code, wore a green eyeshade, and had an empty Prince Albert tobacco can at his instrument for a resonator. "There was never a time," wrote Pearson and Allen, "when an enlightened, liberal, and intrepid press was more urgently and vitally demanded in the interest of good government in the United States than today."

Let's move on to Tom Stokes, one of the finest columnists who ever wrote under the Washington dateline. Without mentioning *Merry-Go-Round* by name, he deplores sweeping attacks on the press and says Washington journalism on the whole is doing a good job in the most open news capital of the world. But he says the press can profit from "valid criticism." He argues that "a majority of American newspapers are conservative" and adds that "conservatism is less among Washington correspondents than in newspapers in general." The problem, he says (writing three years before Eisenhower), is "the post-war offensive of big business and finance to recapture their former dominant influence in government." Yes, he thinks, a "counter-revolution" is going on: there is "too little emphasis placed on the impact of great financial and industrial power on Washington, its government and politics in general."

Before coming back to the present, let's take a look at some of the evidence that Stokes might have adduced in his era. In the 1936 election (FDR versus Landon) 57 percent of the editorial pages supported the man who carried only two states! In more recent times, Nixon received endorsement from 78 percent of the editorial pages that took positions in 1960 and from 80 percent in 1968. They turned on Nixon later and Spiro Agnew denounced the "nattering nabobs of negativism" and lonely, introspective Nixon told Howard K. Smith in March 1971 that he had

the fewest supporters in the press "of all the presidents of this century." (That brings us to a related issue. The press helps build up the myth of the presidential superman when he is elected. Then the separation of powers deflates or destroys him. It's a recurrent cycle and Reagan had better watch out.)

Today Stephen Hess says in a new Brookings study called *The Washington Reporters* that journalists are "increasingly conservative or apolitical, more elite, and more detached from the realities of American life." Too top-lofty, if I understand him. Do I agree with this? Well, yes and no. The \$20-billion newspaper industry has been revolutionized by radio and television. Its news monopoly is broken. Papers are blander and they are consolidating. There are more and more one-newspaper towns. Some 95 percent of American cities are now without newspaper competition. What used to be an editorial debate has become a soliloquy. *Merry-Go-Round* says Washington correspondents often have to slant the news to placate publishers back home. I think there is less of this now. There are fewer newspapers and they are suaver and blander and less powerful. Politics is less exciting, too, though maybe the two things aren't connected: in the 1980 election, 27 percent of the people chose Reagan; 25 percent, Carter; and 48 percent, Nobody. A country that gives Nobody a landslide is in danger.

I see a lot of Washington correspondents and I think the days of the poisonously partisan big-city publisher are over. The Washington journalistic community is fairly compact, with its own atmosphere and scale of values. Opinions are just as divided here as anywhere, but there is less opportunity than there was, I think, for personal malice or venality to go undetected. There is no Walter Lippmann, perhaps, but no Westbrook Pegler either.

The worst fault of the American press today is not partisanship but trivialization. The one-paper city is often starved for world news or issue-analysis. A lot of readers are being malnourished on a thought-free diet. Journalism rates low on opinion polls; on a scale of one to 20 among professions it generally ends up around 16. Maybe that's inevitable. But a lot of readers complain of too much starch and sugar. The problem of the press in years ahead is to give thoughtful readers more of what they want, and to encourage more thoughtful readers.

Correspondence

Irish myth and history

To the editors:

Jack Beatty has long been a perceptive and sympathetic observer of Ireland's latest round of "troubles." His article "Out of the Maze" (TNR, May 9), however, seems to underestimate the strength of what he realizes is the key to understanding that tragic nation's historical problem—a pathological adherence by Catholics and Protestants to their respective national myths.

Beatty's understanding of the role myth and symbol play in Irish life places him in a great literary tradition. But those searching for a solution to Ireland's troubled past must recognize a collective inability to awaken from what Joyce called "the nightmare of history." The romanticized and often inaccurate vision of Irish history must be overcome if Ireland is to face honestly the problems of modernity instead of paying eternal homage to a past that never existed. The time is long past for her political leaders to step out from behind the shadows of the gunmen and to change, "change utterly," the attitudes that govern modern Irish society.

The last unfinished line that novelist Gerald Griffin ever wrote could serve as an epitaph for contemporary Ireland: "Of the abyss that lies beyond. . . ." For Griffin, the future was "a dark and bloody road with a gallows at the end." If Ireland's fate is to be something other than this dark prophecy made over a century ago, others will have to look behind the "trembling of the veil" and seek new answers for a troubled land.

Gordon Berg
Washington, DC

Roth unbound

To the editors:

In her review of Philip Roth's *Zuckerman Unbound* (TNR, May 23), Isa Kapp says that Roth fails to "ponder his frailties in some larger context" and that a treatment of the "proper subjects of the serious novel" (which include politics and society) is absent from the book.

Zuckerman Unbound is, however, among other things, a brilliant portrait of the social chaos of the 1960s—and thereby escapes Ms. Kapp's complaints. The protagonist's relationship with his

wife (a "movement lawyer," who goes unmentioned by the reviewer) is one in which the boundaries are quite visibly fixed by the social context Roth allegedly ignores. The casting of Pepler as a potential assassin unfortunately reflects a lot more than a "preoccupation . . . with the writer's craft and the writer's ego."

The suggestion that *Zuckerman Unbound* doesn't create a sense of place or characters we can identify with could be made only by someone who was rather insulated during those disorienting years.

David Rabinovitz
Brooklyn, New York

Knitting needlers

To the editors:

The article by Mark Hosenball entitled "Supply-Side Sweatshops" (TNR, May 16) contains several inaccuracies concerning the New England Legal Foundation. First, the foundation is not counsel to CB Sports, Inc. At all times the foundation's attorneys have represented nine knitters who want to continue to knit in their homes. The enforcement action by the Labor Department against CB Sports, Inc., effectively precludes their right to work at home.

Second, the foundation's statement at the Labor Department's hearing in Burlington, Vermont, on January 13, 1981, called for abolishing the prohibition of homeworking in the knitted outerwear industry, not simply for "tinkering" with the regulations. Contrary to statements by Hosenball, removal of this prohibition will not exempt anyone from complying with the requirements of the Fair Labor Standards Act to maintain work records and to pay the minimum wage. For 40 years the Labor Department has had strict regulations that require identification of homeworkers and their employers, and that ensure workers are protected under the Fair Labor Standards Act. These regulations are not in dispute. The foundation has never suggested that the Labor Department abdicate its statutory and regulatory obligations.

The foundation does not condone "sweatshop" abuses, exploitation of workers, or enslavement of children

and aliens. But implying, as Hosenball does, that Dickensian evils attend the abolition of the homeworking prohibition is an inaccurate characterization. Since the department fully regulates homeworker arrangements, the removal of the prohibition will result in more, not less, enforcement of the Fair Labor Standards Act in the knitted outerwear industry. Like all blanket regulations affecting the individual, the prohibition of homeworking fails to recognize diverse and individualistic ways people choose to earn a living. Removing the prohibition will increase employment opportunities for those who want to work at home. This work situation will be closely monitored and regulated by the Labor Department to ensure compliance with the Fair Labor Standards Act.

Robert R. Ruddock
New England Legal Foundation
Boston, Massachusetts

Mark Hosenball replies:

If I became confused about the identity of the New England Legal Foundation's clients, I apologize. The rest of Mr. Ruddock's letter is waffle. Compared to Mr. Donovan's initial sweeping proposal to jettison all homework regulations, Mr. Ruddock's suggestion of an exemption for the knitted outerwear industry *was* tinkering. I cannot fathom how doing away with the homework regulations will improve enforcement of the Fair Labor Standards Act. How can you police an activity you can't see?

Defending the unborn

To the editors:

Must I be lumped together with Jesse Helms, Henry Hyde, and the "true mean-spiritedness of the anti-abortion movement" just because I happen to be against abortion ("Right to Strife," TNR, June 6)? I don't claim to have answers for the imponderables of damaged fetuses, rape, or incest. But I do get weary of women who demand control of their bodies after conception when they have refused to exercise it before conception. I am embarrassed by some of the politics and insensitivity of some of the proponents of the right-to-life movement, but stopping the insane slaughter of innocents in this so-called civilized nation is imperative.

Lawrence P. Davis
Chicago, Illinois

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June 27, 1981



The Policy Is Guns

Does the Reagan administration have a foreign policy? Sure we do, said President Reagan to the Republican National Committee. "Just the other day, Al Haig sent a message to Brezhnev that said, 'Roses are red, violets are blue, stay out of El Salvador and Poland, too.'" It's a mark of President Reagan's personal popularity, while his honeymoon still lasts, that he wasn't rendered a laughingstock for that remark by every editorial cartoonist in the country. But the question still hasn't been answered satisfactorily. At his press conference last week, Reagan said, yes, he does have a foreign policy, only he does not plan to make a speech to tell us what it is. The White House apparently intends to continue to keep the public's mind focused on domestic economic policy and put off major international pronouncements until later.

In fact, however, the world is refusing to wait for Reagan speeches and White House decisions, and the administration's foreign policy hierarchy is being forced to make policy whether it is being clearly enunciated to the public or not. And, so far as we can judge from the actions the administration is taking, the foreign policy of the United States has become almost exclusively a military policy: more weapons for us, more weapons for our allies, more weapons for right-wing dictators and left-wing dictators—for anybody who will say he is anti-Soviet. We do not dispute the need for increased military spending by the United States, but the amounts involved, the lack of discretion in choosing weapons systems to buy, and the failure of the administration to pursue other means of attaining our international objectives suggest an appalling lack of imagination at the top of this administration.

The most dangerous situation in the world today is the crisis in Poland. The Soviet Union is on the verge of an invasion as the Polish Communist party turns increasingly toward democracy. The United States should be trying to do everything it can to deter the Soviets from invading, in order for the democratizing process to flourish. There is not a great deal the US can do, but we did have a few cards to play, such as the threat of closer military cooperation between us and China and the promise of military aid to Pakistan. Instead of holding onto those cards, the administration has played them, destroying whatever deterrent value they had. Alexander Haig knew full well when the crisis point would be coming in Poland—July 14, when the Communist party congress is scheduled to meet. Why could he not have scheduled his trip to China for the week after? Why couldn't the administration have dragged out its negotiations with Pakistan until then, too, instead of concluding the agreement last week to supply three billion dollars in weaponry?

There are two possible answers. One is that the administration didn't think of such possibilities. The other is that it thought about them, all right, but rejected them. The first suggests a lack of foresight; the second, a crowning cynicism. Frankly, we are beginning to suspect that the administration tossed away its deterrent cards because it wouldn't mind if the Soviet Union did invade Poland, even if it meant bloodshed, so that the world, and especially our European allies, would be impressed with what a beastly lot the Soviets really are. Certainly hawks in the administration do want to get the allies more scared of the Russians. And why? In order to make sure that they

deploy yet another weapons system—actually, two, the Pershing II missile and the cruise missile, which together fall under the theater nuclear force modernization program—TNF.

It's true that a disturbing pacifist-neutralist tide is flowing in Western Europe. Holland and Belgium probably will refuse to deploy TNF. The ban-the-bomb movement is back on the streets in Britain. Even Margaret Thatcher (for budgetary, not ideological, reasons) is choosing to cut back on defense spending. And in Germany, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt is having difficulty with anti-nuclear forces on the left wing of his Social Democratic party. The only exception is France, whose new Socialist government seems more dedicated to the survival of the Western alliance than its Gaullist predecessor. Hawks in the Reagan administration are inclined to attribute anti-TNF feeling to mental softness born of too many years of comfort, social spending, prosperous living, and detentish trade with Eastern Europe. The Reaganites think Europeans need a bracing splash of fear to wake them up, stiffen their resolve, and increase their defense budgets just like ours.

But the truth is that anti-TNF feeling is running as high as it is mainly because the Reagan administration has failed to live up to its part of a promise made by NATO in December 1979 when the decision to deploy cruise and Pershing missiles first was made. The promise was that the United States would proceed with negotiations with the Soviet Union on both strategic nuclear weapons and theater nuclear weapons. So far, the Reagan administration has only promised that it would get around to talks later this year. The Europeans widely interpret this assurance as not sincerely meant, but as a means of tranquilizing European fears. If the US wants TNF—and it should, considering the danger that Soviet SS20s pose to Europe—the way to get the Europeans to deploy it should have been to institute talks with the Soviet Union. Such talks would have been another lever to use in deterring an invasion of Poland.

Instead, the administration has all but rejected negotiations. As President Reagan put it in his commencement speech at West Point: "The argument, if there is any, will be over which weapons to build, not whether we should forsake weaponry for treaties and agreements." All over Europe, newspaper editorialists are contrasting that line with this one from Brezhnev delivered at the 26th Party Congress: "Whether the

question is one of strategic nuclear arms or medium-range nuclear weapons in Europe, in both cases there exists an approximate equality between the sides. In some types of weapons there is a certain advantage to the West, while in others we have one. And the equality could be made more firm if we were to conclude the corresponding treaties and agreements." The message is: Brezhnev wants peace and we don't. The Soviets are building new weapons faster than we are, of course, but they know that propaganda is a useful foreign policy tool, and the Reagan administration doesn't.

THE ADMINISTRATION, in fact, is opening itself up to charges that it is provoking a Soviet invasion of Poland by incessantly harping on the weakness of the Soviet system. Alexander Haig said, for instance, that "the Soviet system is showing signs of spiritual exhaustion. Moscow has an unenviable present and an extremely gloomy future," and he cited as examples Chinese hostility, the Polish situation, economic failures, and "ideological sterility." Reagan has sounded the same theme, both at West Point and at his press conference last week, claiming that events in Poland represented the beginning of the end of Soviet domination of Eastern Europe. No less a friend of presidents than James Reston observed that "it would be odd if the Russians did not try to prove that they are not declining or 'finished'" by invading Poland. Reston said it was "highly dangerous" for the administration to be emphasizing the fading-Soviets theme.

The Soviets certainly will not decide whether to invade on the basis of how taunts are worded from Washington, but if they do invade, the Soviets can say it was because the US tried to stir up anti-Soviet agitation in Poland. By shooting its mouth off as it does, the administration is making that case more believable to people in Western Europe who want to believe it.

By spurning negotiation and relying on militarization, the administration is pursuing a counterproductive foreign policy in other places in the world as well. We oppose talks between the warring factions in El Salvador and we reject overtures from the Sandinistas in Nicaragua for an invitation to Washington. Meanwhile, we are loading up Central America with new weapons and gaining a reputation as the ally of rightist repression. In southern Africa the administration wanted to repeal the Clark Amendment, which forbids covert military assistance to anti-government guerrillas in Angola. Had the administration not been blocked by the House, it would have undermined negotiations on the future of Namibia—negotiations the US says it favors. There is no question that the Soviet Union and Cuba are meddling in both Central America and Africa, but the way to stop them is not by military means alone, but by politics, diplomacy, economic assistance, and shrewd propaganda. There is a Caribbean economic aid package coming, but no one knows yet what it will look like and it is one of the few

Coming:

Kennedy Versus Mondale.

nonmilitary departures the administration has made.

In the Middle East, too, administration policy has been heavily military. The Habib mission to cool down the Lebanese missile crisis has been useful, but elsewhere we simply have offered weapons to various governments in hopes of forging a "strategic consensus." As soon as the Israeli elections are over, we need a diplomatic effort to revive the Camp David peace process and get other Arabs besides Egypt to join. That will be more difficult after the Israeli raid on Iraq's atom bomb factory, which only makes it more urgent.

Prior to the Israeli raid, there was no Reagan nuclear nonproliferation plan. After the raid, we have heard expressions of opposition to the spread of nuclear weapons, but it's hard to see how they can be taken seriously when the administration immediately bestows three billion dollars in military aid to Pakistan, a country known to be building an atom bomb.

At home, too, the Reagan administration has succeeded in reviving the anti-defense movement by proposing such excessive increases in spending that the administration itself finds it difficult to defend them. It's been years since film of President Eisenhower's condemnation of the military-industrial complex has been trotted out, but there it was again last week on CBS's five-day documentary. We need a better, stronger defense, and we need to spend more money on it, but to double the budget over five years and try to figure out later what to spend it on is both politically and fiscally disastrous.

Israel's Election

The Israeli pilots who destroyed the Iraqi nuclear reactor last week with such impressive skill were, in effect, buying time for their beleaguered country. But their success says nothing at all about how that time will be used. And at this moment there is little reason to think that Prime Minister Menachem Begin's diplomacy will match the skill of his country's pilots. Begin is now expected to win a plurality in the parliamentary elections that will be held at the end of this month, largely because he has managed to look like a leader who won't be pushed around, who will do what is necessary for Israel's defense. In truth, it seems to us, he is the leader most likely to be pushed around, for he is least likely to move of his own accord and to take the diplomatic initiatives that Israel needs as much as it (sometimes and unhappily) still needs military initiatives if it is to uphold its own security.

Begin is about to run out of room. Once Israel has completed the last stage of the Sinai withdrawal (slated for the spring of 1982, but likely to be moved up), he will have exhausted his options as he sees them. Any compromise involving the West Bank would violate

his oldest commitments and deepest ideological convictions. From that point on, he is tied to a negative policy. In opposition not only to those states hostile to Israel, but to every friendly state too, he apparently plans to sit on the West Bank forever and to rule over its unwilling inhabitants. Or, worse, he is tied to a positive policy of continued settlement—though there are not large numbers of Israelis actually willing to settle—which seems destined to create on the West Bank what doesn't exist there yet: a confrontation of people as bitter and intractable as that in Northern Ireland. He promises Israel only isolation—for which he, for one, seems both morally and psychologically prepared. But for a whole people that is a cruel condition, a debilitating one, a dangerous one, and finally an unnecessary one.

NO ONE should doubt the difficulties of Israel's position on the West Bank. The geography is unkind, the strategic realities unpromising, the options painfully limited. At present there is no arrangement consistent with Israel's safety that is acceptable to any of its eastern neighbors; many of them still intend that the future map of the Middle East be one without Israel. No responsible Israeli government can meet the demands of the Arab League or the PLO or, what comes to the same thing, the European Economic Commission and the United Nations. That kind of peace there is not going to be. And to a real peace, of reconciliation, not destruction, fundamental Israeli policy has never been the obstacle. But there is an Israeli decision that can open up, at least for Israel itself, some room for maneuver and some sense of possible initiatives and alliances. That is the decision to reiterate in 1981 Prime Minister Eskol's policy after the victory of 1967: to declare the occupation of the West Bank temporary and to seek a territorial compromise.

In the current election campaign, the Labor party is flatly committed to taking that decision and Begin's Likud is flatly opposed to it. That ought to have been the central issue of the election. In fact, both parties have shied away from it, much as political parties everywhere shy away from the most divisive problems. Labor hoped to win by focusing attention on the economy, but the economy is an ongoing disaster that seems, miraculously, to have no culmination and (as yet) no tragic consequences for ordinary Israelis. In a particularly cynical preelection contrivance, Begin's finance minister eased import taxes on foreign luxury consumer goods. According to the governor of the Bank of Israel, this will increase the country's balance of payments deficit this year by at least \$350 million. Begin, in search of an alternative to both the West Bank and the economy, was saved by the Syrians. In the renewed Lebanese crisis he has managed to play simultaneously, with breathtaking shifts of mood and tone, the twin parts of tough soldier and man of peace. Given any long-term perspective on Israel's security, it

has not been a successful ploy. But it has, undoubtedly, won him votes.

The shift over a few months in Begin's reelection prospect from a sure loser to a likely winner stuns the most seasoned political observers. Here is a government which could not agree, and cannot today, on who should be minister of defense; a government whose minister of religion and whole ministry, in fact, is steeped in scandal; a government whose two leading lights, Moshe Dayan and Ezer Weizman, noisily defected and wrote memoirs punctuated by devastatingly pathetic portrayals of their prime minister; a government whose top campaign strategist is a notorious international bankrupt, thought also to be Begin's handpicked successor; a government which has presided helplessly over sporadic violent strife *among Jews*; a government held hostage by one tiny faction and then another. Here, in other words, is a shambles apparently about to be confirmed by the voters for another term. Perhaps Begin is under the special protection of divine providence. Probably it's something else: he has been fortunate in those whom he has had hector him from abroad. The Carter State Department, for instance, with its actually incorrect—and also irrelevant—pronouncements on the “illegality” of West Bank settlement. Now it's those who maintain the preposterous international fiction that the nuclear facility, Osiraq, was a genuine research facility. What breakthroughs in knowledge were we to expect from Iraq's scientists? Great advances in nuclear medicine, perhaps? The hypocritical demagoguery of Israel's critics would fuel any demagogue, and a demagogue is precisely what Begin is, carried away by his own emotional rhetoric, always eager to carry others. This is why the Holocaust—his analogy for all seasons—trips so easily and so indecently off his tongue.

But it's not only history and its meanings about which Begin is reckless. He's also indifferent to the political consequences of what he says, aside from the immediate consequence of evoking applause from his audiences. This explains his shameful labeling of West German premier Helmut Schmidt as a Nazi. Only a very heedless Israeli would have meddled publicly in the internal conflicts of the American bureaucracy by attacking Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and praising Secretary of State Alexander Haig for their attitudes to Israel's Baghdad raid. In the international war of words, the Arabs are fortunate to have Begin as their adversary.

BEGIN is no more respectful of his opponents at home. It does not take much to provoke him and his minions to accuse Labor of sabotage and treason. He is always saying that the press and, with greater force, the state-run television are “giving comfort” to the enemy. Now his party's thugs are beating up opposition activists and vandalizing their offices. He does not seem to care much about the possible consequences of such anti-democratic behavior. But he is always

lecturing others, arrogantly and self-righteously, about democracy.

The central issue remains. It is what the election is really about, whatever the candidates say. Both Begin and Shimon Peres are bound by the Camp David accords and the victory of either one will be followed by new negotiations over autonomy for the Arabs of the West Bank and Gaza. There seems no easy way around a stalemate of the last several years. But no serious autonomy is compatible with the kind of control over the territories that Begin is bound to uphold. His victory would indeed produce a burst of diplomatic activity, but one in which the United States eventually would take the lead, pressuring Israel for concessions. The pattern is easily foreseeable and infinitely depressing, not only for Israel. Peres's victory, by contrast, would produce a burst of diplomatic activity in which Israel alone or Israel and Egypt or even, just conceivably, Israel and Jordan would take the lead. That is the hope we have always held and frequently reiterated in these pages: for a local peace, a settlement in stages worked out by the states that must themselves sustain the settlement if it is to work. That is the hope that Sadat's journey to Jerusalem first made real. It is carried now by Israel's Labor party.

On the Hill

Voting Wrongs

It was August 1965 when the Voting Rights Act finally made its way to Lyndon Johnson's desk. The bloody 40-mile march from Selma to Montgomery had played itself out on national television just months before. Now the president was ready to sign what even critics would later acknowledge to be the most effective civil rights law ever passed. “This act,” Johnson said, “flows from a clear and simple wrong. . . . The wrong is one which no American in his heart can justify. The right is one which no American, true to our principles, can deny.” That right—the right to vote—had been toyed with and cynically withheld for nearly a century after passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. The Voting Rights Act has done much to change that. But now, in its 16th year, the act faces sometimes hostile scrutiny from the White House and on Capitol Hill.

The issue facing Congress is whether to renew key provisions that will expire in August 1982. In the House, a judiciary subcommittee began hearings on May 6 and will continue them through the end of this month. The Senate and the White House, distracted by tax and budgetary issues from what civil rights groups are beginning to call “the litmus test,” do not plan to get around to the Voting Rights Act until at least late next fall. Proponents, who nursed the act through extensions in 1970 and 1975, fear that minor-

ities' voting rights may be badly undercut this time.

Critics are saying the act's chief enforcement mechanism, "pre-clearance," is a stigma, a nuisance, and an unnecessary intrusion on the dignity of sovereign states. Pre-clearance, which is the heart of the act and of this year's debate, dictates that any state or local government with a history of voting discrimination—nine whole states, chiefly in the south, and parts of 13 others—must submit any change in election law for approval by the Justice Department. (This provision is temporary, unlike the act's permanent ban on discriminatory devices like poll taxes, grandfather clauses, and "good character" tests.) Congress devised pre-clearance when it found that states were disturbingly adept at making discriminatory voting law changes and then dragging out litigation for years. Even after they had finally lost a case in court, recalls Lyndon Johnson's attorney general, Nicholas Katzenbach, "they'd change five or six words of the legislation and start the whole thing over again." The Supreme Court, upholding the pre-clearance provision, stated that this legislative and judicial seesaw amounted to "unremitting and ingenious defiance of the Constitution."

THE DEFIANCE has shifted in recent years from outright vote denial—with dogs, billy clubs, literacy tests—to vote dilution, which discourages minorities from voting and causes them to be underrepresented in apportionment schemes. The House subcommittee has amassed a distressing array of evidence on these practices. In areas where there is a substantial black or Hispanic minority, jurisdictions may shift from district elections (in which the minority can control some seats) to at-large elections (in which the white majority controls all of them). They may annex white suburbs onto black majority districts, or racially gerrymander election lines within districts. They may change the numbers, locations, and hours of polling and registration places to inconvenience voters in black or Hispanic majority districts.

From 1965 to 1980, under the pre-clearance provision, the Justice Department called a halt to 811 proposed changes in voting laws. And the rate of these objections has not dropped appreciably over the years. From 1965 to 1974 there were 273 objections (although pre-clearance was tied up in constitutional challenges for part of that time). From 1975 to 1980 there were 538. Just this month, Justice refused to approve a change in Burleson County, Texas, from 13 polling places to one. It seems the bulk of the county's black population is concentrated in an area more than 30 miles from the proposed single polling place, and most of the county's Hispanics live 19 miles away.

Although critics have made half-hearted attempts to brand pre-clearance cumbersome and bureaucratic, it may well be the least tangled administrative process devised in post-FDR America. It's nothing compared to, say, applying for a taxi license. A covered jurisdiction that wants to change its election laws simply

writes a description of the proposed change and mails it to the Justice Department. If, after 60 days (or 120 if Justice asks for more information) the department has not issued a "letter of objection," the change is approved. If Justice *has* objected, the jurisdiction may appeal, go to court, or give it up.

As New York State attorney general Robert Abrams testified, it is hard to argue that this procedure is overly burdensome to administer. So critics tend to resort to elaborate metaphors when asked why they want to abolish pre-clearance. Until recently, when he changed his position, Representative Henry Hyde, an Illinois Republican, repeatedly argued during hearings that "the handful of southern states have been in the penalty box for nearly 17 years," and insisted that it was high time to let them out. In one inspired moment he even spoke of "salvation" from the devil of pre-clearance, an odd twist on the testimony of Albert B. Saye, said to be a constitutional authority, who attacked pre-clearance as a statement that "the attorney general is God." (In his repeated reference to "Nigras," Saye went on to provoke an angry lecture from Representative Harold Washington, Democrat of Illinois, on the offensive lineage of the term.) Robert Brinson, city attorney of Rome, Georgia, offers a straightforward translation of these metaphors: "One of the biggest objections is you've got to deal with some jerk in the Justice Department."

There is a serious argument beneath this colorful posturing. As even the most ardent advocate will acknowledge, pre-clearance is an extreme remedy—and many covered jurisdictions see it as an infringement on states' rights. Forcing a state to clear even the pettiest change in election law certainly goes against the grain of the current trend toward "federalism," and this month President Reagan asked the Justice Department to undertake a full-scale review of the Voting Rights Act. Careerists in the Civil Rights Division already have recommended extending pre-clearance with little or no change, but civil rights activists say the White House does not appear to be very sympathetic to that proposal.

OTHER PROVISIONS of the Voting Rights Act are also under discussion. The bill sponsored by Representative Peter Rodino in the House (and, in identical form, by Charles Mathias and Edward Kennedy in the Senate) does more than simply extend pre-clearance. First, it specifies that plaintiffs in legal challenges to election laws must prove only that the laws are enforced "in a manner which *results* in a denial or abridgement" of voting rights. In *City of Mobile v. Bolden*, the Supreme Court implied that existing law requires a plaintiff to prove *intent* to discriminate, a much more difficult burden. Second, the bill would extend voting rights protection for "language minorities," chiefly Hispanics, who were included under the Voting Rights Act for the first time in 1975. But the language minority provisions, which mandate bilin-

gual ballots in some areas, have aroused stiff opposition from representatives of western and southwestern states. The provisions do not expire until 1985, but at least two opposing camps want to act now.

The timetable for a decision on the Voting Rights Act is not clear. Representative Don Edwards, a California Democrat who chairs the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, says he expects the full committee to present the Rodino bill to the House by late July, and it is generally believed the House will vote to approve most or all of it. Even Henry Hyde, who strongly opposed pre-clearance at the start of the hearings, announced in Austin on June 5 that he was beginning to change his mind. Hyde said he had found little evidence to support his assumption that the covered jurisdictions had mended their ways since 1965. "I take the hearings seriously," Hyde says. "Much as I like the concept of federalism and dislike this administrative review, I like the Fifteenth Amendment just a little bit better." But if the House is moving quickly on voting rights, the Senate and White House are not. The Justice Department is not expected to take a position until October, and some aides said Senate hearings may not start until 1982.

Some civil rights activists are afraid the clock will run out. They focus their concern primarily upon Strom Thurmond, who has been cast, in the words of one observer, as "the Brooding Omnipresence" of the voting rights debate. For most members of the Senate, it is far too soon to tell where the chips will fall. But Thurmond's view is predictable. He voted against the Voting Rights Act in 1965, he voted against extending it in 1970 and 1975, and he'll do what he can this time as Judiciary Committee chairman to abolish the expiring provisions for good. A few voting rights strategists, going into what they call their "Eastland mode" (when James Eastland chaired the Judiciary Committee, he rarely found a civil rights bill he wouldn't rather bury than pass), are already thinking about how to reintroduce a bill onto the Senate floor if Thurmond tries to bury it in committee. "If people say the committee hasn't finished its work," says one Hill aide, "the response is that we're not going to let the opponents play out the clock."

Although nobody knows how the fight will turn out, it is hard to see now how supporters of the Mathias-Kennedy-Rodino bill can get all they are asking for. They don't like to talk about compromise at this point ("I don't believe . . . there is a middle ground when it comes to our voting rights," Vernon Jordan told the House subcommittee), but if there is a compromise it is likely to come in the form of liberalizing the so-called "bail-out" provision of the act. This is the provision that lets covered jurisdictions out of Henry Hyde's penalty box for good behavior. Towns or counties (or even whole states) with clean records could "bail out" of the pre-clearance requirement—and Hyde says that makes "a lot more sense than my original proposal." He's right. It is hard to find a philosophical

objection to this idea, and it might go a long way toward placating legislators who see pre-clearance as an insult to law-abiding communities. Still, defining a "clean record" or "law-abiding" won't be easy either. Voting rights lobbyists—and Hyde himself, for that matter—say they don't know now of a single covered jurisdiction that deserves to be bailed out, and very few have even stepped forward to make a case that they have reformed. Chances are that few have. Bail-out is a fine idea in the abstract, but Congress should look twice at the House subcommittee's record before concluding that vote discrimination has become an aberration. The dogs and blood of Selma may be things of the past, and the echoes of Johnson's August speech may be fading, but they are not, after all, so far away.

Barton Gellman

The trouble with 'comparable worth.'

Worthier Than Thou

It is perfectly obvious that jobs like nursing and secretarial work are historically low-paying because they have been held predominantly by women. To many people, it is therefore equally obvious that this is a suitable target for the weaponry of anti-discrimination law. They want to go beyond the standard of "equal pay for equal work" to one of "equal pay for work of comparable worth." On June 8 the Supreme Court rejected an interpretation of the civil rights laws that would have snuffed this theory as a basis for lawsuits. Now the fun starts. Conservatives are raising the usual objections, but there are also good left-wing reasons for discomfort with this notion of "comparable worth."

Actually, the conservative reasons aren't bad either. Another expansion of job discrimination law means more costly litigation for government and business, more bureaucrats and judges interfering in fields they know little about, more rigid rules that thwart efficient governance and a productive economy. The lawsuit that reached the Supreme Court this month involved matrons at a women's prison that has been shut down since January 1974. Seven years later, the case now goes back to a lower court for trial.

Workplace discrimination has evolved into a lucrative blackmail racket for many entrepreneurs of litigation. The June *Washington Monthly* reports that at one federal agency, a third of the discrimination complaints are filed by officials of the anti-discrimination office itself. "Comparable worth" will give the courts the task of deciding what a particular job is worth, compared to other jobs, and put employers in danger of defending a lawsuit anytime anyone is unhappy with present pay scales. (And who is not?)

From a left-wing perspective, the trouble with "comparable worth" is that—in the name of equality—it enshrines inequality. Surely the official position of society should be that, as a matter of abstract justice, *all* jobs are of comparable worth. It is one thing to accept the economic reality that different people are able to earn different rewards for their efforts in life. It's quite another to put government in the business of enforcing hierarchies of reward based on notions about what different people are "worth," and calling this civil rights. The concept of equal pay for equal work implies no judgment about the inherent value of any job. But "comparable worth" necessarily implies that some jobs are worth more than others. When advocates of "comparable worth" complain that librarians sometimes make less than janitors, they don't mean that both jobs should be paid the same—they mean that librarians should be paid more. And they want the courts to see that they are paid more.

Why should librarians be paid more than janitors? Because, by the traditional standards of society—apart from sexism—it is a better-paying sort of job. As an official of AFSCME, the state and local government employees' union, put it: "When a person whose job requires a college education makes less than what is basically a common laborer, there's something wrong." Courts and government agencies will have no trouble weaving strings of "factors": educational requirements, sophistication of task, rarity of skills, level of responsibilities, and so on. Perhaps there will even be a factor for "unpleasantness," so that the common laborer will get at least a couple of comparability points for heavy lifting in the hot sun. But the emphasis inevitably will be on credentials. Thus "comparable worth" reinforces the most specious aspect of our prevailing mythology of "merit": that certain people inherently deserve greater rewards because they possess admirable (and often purchasable) qualities. The somewhat less specious aspect—that rewarding people with more talent and greater skills more generously is the best way toward a prosperity that benefits all—plays no role in the thinking behind "comparable worth."

OF COURSE present disparities in income are not all the result of the invisible hand arranging economic life for maximum efficiency. Many are the result of extraneous factors, including race and sex prejudice. But advocates of "comparable worth" aren't interested in purging these factors in order to increase economic efficiency. Nor are they interested in making the overall distribution of income—from janitor through bank president—more equal. They simply wish to impose a different artificial structure of inequality from the one we have now.

Nurses *should* be paid more. And one reason that nurses, mostly women, are paid so little and doctors, mostly men, are paid so much is the government-enforced guild system that gives doctors a monopoly on the delivery of health services. Nurses in fact pro-

vide many (if not most) of these services, but they must allow doctors to skim most of the profits off the top. One reason that secretaries, mostly women, are paid so little and executives, mostly men, are paid so much is the emphasis on credentials over practical experience that makes secretary a dead-end job rather than an apprenticeship, as it used to be in the last century. Breaking up old rigidities in the job market like these would do more for women, and for equality, *and* for economic prosperity than imposing new rigidities through the courts.

Michael Kinsley

A no-win election.

Irish Standoff

Dublin

Eleven years ago, Charles Haughey, then recently dismissed as Irish minister of finance, was acquitted, along with three others, of smuggling guns for the IRA. He was carried through the streets shoulder-high by a jubilant crowd of people who would have had very little time for him if they hadn't believed he had done it. Whatever the court said, they trusted Haughey to do the right thing for the old Irish Republican cause, and for their hard-pressed fellow Catholics in the North.

In the election that has just ended inconclusively, Charles Haughey, now prime minister, asked the Irish people to trust him again—to pull Ireland out of its recession, and to do the right thing on behalf of the North. He asked for a vote of confidence, and he did not get it. This was his first election as leader of the Fianna Fail party—he became premier on the resignation of Jack Lynch 18 months ago—and under his banner, his party got its smallest vote in 20 years.

"Trust me" was the overriding theme of Haughey's campaign and that of Fianna Fail. The party's campaign song was "We'll Rise to March with Charlie" (it became number seven on the Irish hit parade). At election meetings he rarely put forward policies. He would speak briefly about the need for firm leadership in troubled times, shake hundreds of hands, and say "good to see you" hundreds of times in his warm, friendly brogue. He asked for people's trust on Northern Ireland in particular. He met last year with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and they agreed to set up study groups to look into UK-Irish issues in private, and then to meet again. While Thatcher was reassuring nervous Ulster Protestants that the border was not being negotiated away behind their backs, in fact was not being negotiated at all, Haughey was hinting to Irish voters that, while the talks are secret and he

cannot say what is being discussed, they might signify a big stride toward Irish unification. A London *Times* correspondent called this “nod and wink politics.”

The biggest surprise in the polling was the election of two H-Block prisoners, who were voted in on the Northern Ireland issue alone. Ireland’s proportional representation system gives a good chance to small parties. These two were among nine candidates, all of them IRA prisoners in Northern Ireland jails, who were fielded by the H-Block Prisoners’ Campaign. The campaign is orchestrated by fellow travelers of the IRA, and it was a shrewd move. Many Irish people who would not support IRA terrorism nevertheless have sympathy for Irish Republicans who are languishing in British jails as Irish patriots have in the past. The election campaign in their support took the straight IRA line, branding Haughey, the hero of the 1970 arms-smuggling trial, as a collaborator with the tyrant Thatcher. The victories were due partly to local factors. Both were in border areas, where Northern Ireland is only a few fields away, and the Catholics there are neighbors and often cousins. Elsewhere, some militant pro-Republicans were defeated.

The principal topic of the election was the economy. Fianna Fail stood on its record—a flimsy structure, since unemployment is now 12 percent and inflation last year topped 20 percent. The main opposition party, Fianna Gael, put forward a long series of proposals for reviving the economy and redistributing income. The party leader is Garret FitzGerald, a humorous, patently honest man, whose apparent willingness to explain patiently his party’s program to each voter was the despair of party officials as they tried to hurry him through the day.

The parties are in fundamental agreement on Northern Ireland. And though they disagree on tactics, they did not argue much about it during the campaign. But the violence there constituted a background noise, and the combination of hopes and anxieties that it aroused made the question of personal leadership in the uncertain period ahead even more important. The two main parties are difficult to characterize ideologically. They do not fit into the normal European pattern of a social democratic and a conservative party. Like so many things in Ireland, they can be described only in terms of their history. The division arose out of the Irish civil war in 1921-23, between those who signed the compromise agreement with Britain that gave Ireland independence and those who rejected the compromise and the legitimacy of the new Irish government. When the rejectionists went into politics, they became the Fianna Fail party, headed by Eamon De Valera, a hero of the 1916 Easter uprising. For many years, voting patterns followed this original division, but recently the pattern has been broken. Traditionally, Fianna Fail gets more working-class votes, but this time Fianna Gael took a sizable share. The choice seemed to be between Fianna Fail and a coalition of Fianna Gael and the much smaller Labor party. As it turned out,

neither of these two sides won a majority. The balance of power in the new Parliament that assembles on June 30 will lie with six independents and members of splinter parties—diverse but mostly far to the left of either of the major parties. Either Haughey or FitzGerald must win their support in order to form a government. The guess now is that it is more likely to go to Fianna Gael-Labor, but Haughey could just win them over. Five of the six are not committed by either loyalty or political logic to supporting either party for long. Whatever government is formed is likely to lose its majority in Parliament after a few months on one vote or another, necessitating another election. This means that the government that is formed next month will not be able to set out with confidence on a long-term program of action on either Northern Ireland or the economy. This is a pity, because long-term thinking is needed in both areas.

Norman Moss

Norman Moss is a London-based freelance writer.

Bang bang, you’re enlisted.

A Well Regulated Militia

This time of year Washington swarms with high school graduating classes. They come to the great pulsating heart of the Republic—no one has told them yet that it is Wall Street—to be impressed by the White House and the Capitol and the monuments and the Smithsonian and the space capsules. Given the state of public secondary education, I doubt if many of these students are interested in language and rhetoric, and I imagine very few are fascinated by such attendants of power and pressure as verbal misrepresentation and disingenuous quotation. But if any are, they can profit from a stroll past the new headquarters of the National Rifle Association of America, to be found at 1600 Rhode Island Avenue, NW.

There they will see an entrance flanked by two marble panels offering language. The one on the right reads, “The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed” (Figure 1), and that sounds familiar. So familiar that the student naturally expects the left-hand panel to honor the principle of symmetry by presenting the first half of the quotation, namely: “A well regulated Militia being necessary to the security of a free state, . . .” But looking to the left the stroller discovers not that clause but rather this rather lame list of NRA functions and specializations: “Firearms Safety Education. Marksmanship Training. Shooting for Recreation” (Figure 2). It’s as if in presenting its shiny public face the NRA doesn’t want us to recall

the crucial dependent clause of the Second Amendment, whose latter half it is so fond of invoking to urge its prerogatives. The less emphasis on the clause about the Militia, the better for the association. Hence its pretense here that the main clause is not crucially dependent on the now unadvertised subordinate clause, and indeed meaningless without it.

Because flying bullets rank close to cancer and heart disease as menaces to public health in this country, the firearm lobby, led by the NRA, comes under liberal attack regularly, but with special vigor immediately after an assault on some conspicuous person like John Lennon or Ronald Reagan. Thus in *The New Republic* of April 11, both TRB and the editors wrung their hands but failed to move the debate forward. The editorial went so far as to suggest that the Second Amendment is so obsolete that it should be amended out of the Constitution, thus depriving the NRA of a leg to stand on.

But here as everywhere a better solution would be not to fiddle with the Constitution but to take it seriously, the way we've done with the First Amendment, or, say, the Thirteenth, the one forbidding open and avowed slavery. And by taking it seriously I mean something close to taking it literally. We should "close

the following would seem more or less appropriate, and sensible enough to invite the initiative of anti-gun members of Congress like Millicent Fenwick and Edward Kennedy. They could introduce and fight for legislation providing:

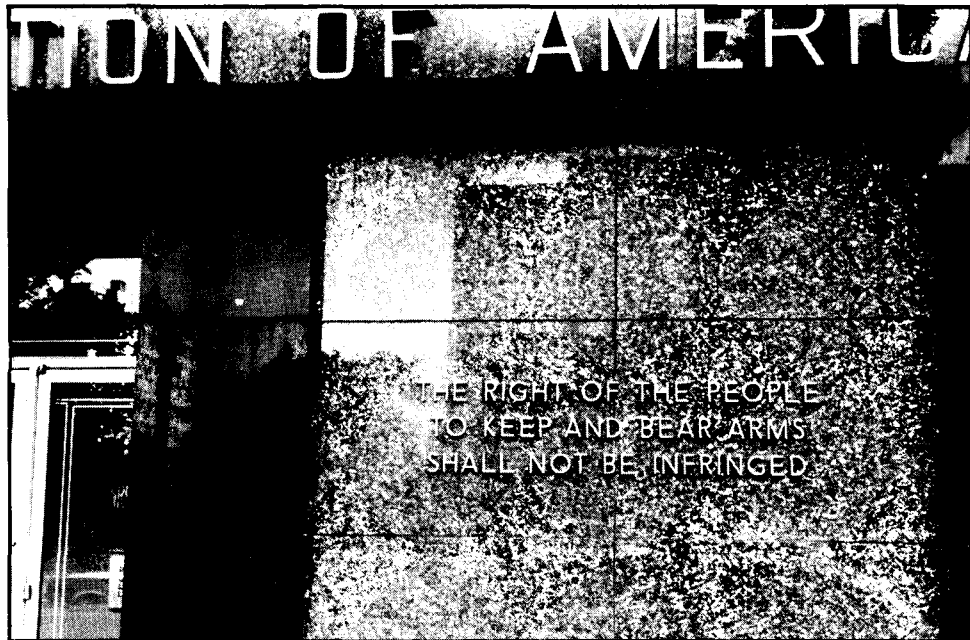


Figure 1

1) that the Militia shall now, after these many years, be "well regulated," as the Constitution requires;

2) that any person who has chosen to possess at home a gun of any kind, and who is not a member of the police or the military or an appropriate federal agency, shall be considered to have enrolled automatically in the Militia of the United States. Badges will be

issued identifying members of the Militia, which will be organized in units representing counties, towns, or boroughs. Bearing arms while not proceeding to, attending, or returning from scheduled exercises of the Militia will be severely punished;

3) that any gun owner who declines to join the regulated Militia may opt out by selling his firearms to the federal government for a bounty of \$1,000 each and undertaking that if he again owns firearms he will be deemed to have enlisted in the Militia;

4) that because the Constitution specifically states that the Militia shall be "well regulated," a regular training program, familiar to all who have belonged to military units devoted to the orderly discharge of small arms, shall be instituted. This will require at least eight hours of drill each weekend in some convenient local field or park, rain or shine or snow; weekly supervised target prac-



Figure 2

read" and thus focus lots of attention on the Second Amendment, inviting the NRA to pull the dependent clause out of the closet, display it on its shiny new facade, and accept its implications. If they did give it equal space with the clause they love, a proposal like

tice (separation from the service for those who can't hit a barn door); practice in digging simple defensive works, like trenches and foxholes, as well as necessary sanitary installations like field latrines; and a six-week bivouac each summer—all under the close supervision of experienced officers and non-commissioned officers of the United States Army and Marine Corps. Other obligatory exercises of the sort suitable to lightly armed, well-regulated units might include: practice in first aid, map-reading, the erection of double-apron barbed-wire fences, long-distance marching, and lectures on military courtesy and the traditions of the Militia, beginning with the Minute Men. Per diem payments will be made to those participating in these exercises;

5) that since the purpose of the Militia is, as the Constitution says, to safeguard "the security of a free state," at times when invasion threatens, all units of the Militia will be trucked to the borders for duration of the emergency, there to remain in field conditions (here's where the practice in latrine-digging pays off) until Congress declares that the emergency has subsided. The Militia may also be ordered to other duties consistent with its constitutional identity as a disciplined volunteer force: for example, flood and emergency service (digging, sandbag filling, rescuing old people); patrolling angry or incinerated cities; or controlling crowds at large public events like patriotic parades, motor races, and professional football games;

6) that failure to appear for these scheduled drills, practices, bivouacs, and mobilizations shall result in the Militiaperson's dismissal from the service, requiring forfeiture of badge, pay, and firearm.

WHY DID THE FRAMERS add the word "bear" to the phrase "keep and bear arms"? Because they conceived that keeping arms at home implied the public obligation to bear them in a regulated way for "the security of" not a private household but "a free state." If interstate bus fares can be regulated it's hard to see why the Militia can't be, especially since the Constitution says it must be. *The New Republic* has recognized that "the Second Amendment to the Constitution clearly connects the right to bear arms to the 18th-century national need to raise a militia." But it goes on: "That need is now obsolete, and so is the amendment." And it concludes: "If the only way this country can get control of firearms is to amend the Constitution, then it's time for Congress to get the process under way."

I think not. Rather, it's time not to amend Article II of the Bill of Rights (and Obligations), but to read it, publicize it, and embrace it. That the Second Amendment stems from assumptions that can be stigmatized as "18th-century" cuts little ice. The First Amendment stems precisely from those assumptions, and no one wants to amend it except Yahoos. Also "18th-century" is that lovely bit in Section 9 of Article I forbidding any "Title of Nobility" to be granted by the United States.

That's why we've been spared Lord Rockefeller and Sir André Kostelanetz, Knight. Thank God for the 18th century, I say. It understood not just what a firearm is and what a militia is. It understood what "well regulated" means. It knew how to compose a constitutional article and it knew how to read it. And it assumed that everyone, gun lobbyists and touring high school students alike, could understand and correctly quote it.

Paul Fussell

A cheer and a half for workfare.

Parasites Lost

Even the biggest softies among us suspect, deep down, that welfare spoils the downtrodden. Undoubtedly, it spoils some. Those who manage to live it up on \$93 a month (the average Aid to Families with Dependent Children grant per individual) may come to expect the federal government to subsidize their fun for the rest of their lives. But for most recipients—the temporarily unemployed, the emotionally or physically disabled, mothers and fathers caring for young children, daughters and sons caring for the elderly—welfare is a necessary evil. The majority of people who can work will work. Or so we assume. There's no real way of knowing, because the only way to call a welfare dead-beat's bluff is to offer a choice between working off a welfare grant and going off the rolls.

Workfare—mandatory work in exchange for welfare—is an idea that has inspired a lot of whining among both liberals and conservatives. The most common complaint among liberals is that it punishes people for being on welfare. This is nonsense. The federal government is fully justified in expecting those who are capable of working to do just that in return for welfare money. The unemployed poor are entitled to a minimum standard of living, but not to idleness. The part-time work that the government finds for them—raking leaves, painting dividing lines on highways, and so on—may not be particularly fulfilling, but neither is it merely punitive if it contributes at all to the self-esteem of the unemployed and the well-being of the community. Anyway, a lot of work isn't fulfilling. Those liberals who argue, correctly, that the indignity of depending on government handouts purges welfare of able bodies by driving them back into the marketplace, should be especially wary of the "punishment" argument against workfare. They should be the first to acknowledge that the quickest way to restore a welfare recipient's dignity is to offer him an immediate chance to work off his government handout.

Another argument against workfare, commonly made by conservatives, is that it creates an artificial

market, siphoning labor from the private sector. These critics usually are unenthusiastic about welfare in the first place, and what they really mean is that *welfare* siphons labor from the private sector. Most of us would agree that this is true, but we also would have qualms about forcing, say, an abandoned mother who cannot afford day care for her infant into the marketplace. As for the conservative objection to workfare, presumably most jobs in the private sector would seem more inviting than mandatory leaf-raking at the minimum wage (generally the basis for calculating work requirements under workfare). A third, more imaginative argument, probably designed to appeal to the new right, says that workfare will accelerate the decline of families. According to this idiosyncratic line of reasoning, those hardcore deadbeats who are so irresponsible as to refuse even workfare and consequently are "sanctioned," or docked, from the welfare program (losing all or part of their welfare money), would be less able to care for their children, and therefore more likely to pack them off to orphanages. It is indeed bad policy to remove financial incentives for families to stay together. (See "Will Widows Be Next?" *TNR*, May 30.) But a family in which the mother or father won't rake leaves in order to support the children isn't much of a family. Parents that irresponsible can't be counted on to care for their children even if they continue to receive welfare.

THE IMPORTANT and perplexing question about workfare is not whether it is inherently cruel, or whether it is damaging to the marketplace or to the family, but whether it will work. A proposal submitted to Congress by President Reagan would make workfare mandatory in every state for all able-bodied recipients of food stamps and Aid to Families with Dependent Children. It shouldn't be. Not every state is willing or able to sift through welfare rolls to find the able-bodied, and to then find work for them that won't interfere with local unions. Utah, which has experimented successfully with workfare, probably is both willing and able; but Massachusetts, which tried a workfare program that failed, probably isn't. A more sensible alternative has been proposed in the Senate Finance Committee. The Senate proposal merely would lift federal restrictions inhibiting the states from experimenting with workfare through AFDC allotments. (The programs tried in Massachusetts and Utah, and a third tried under the governorship of Ronald Reagan in California, required special waivers by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and its successor, the Department of Health and Human Services.) Until now, most states have been able to try out workfare only through local general assistance programs, and through a few badly organized federal pilot programs involving food stamps. Under the Senate proposal, workfare could get a real trial.

Workfare was tried in the last century under a dif-

ferent name. Workfare proponents don't like to be compared with the misguided Victorian reformers who established England's brutal workhouses. (Indeed, the similarity between the words "workfare" and "workhouse" makes some people so jumpy that they prefer to call workfare something else. A study of the Massachusetts workfare program by the Brandeis Center for Employment and Income Studies timidly refers to the program as "mandatory work experience," and devotes a few amusing paragraphs to a finicky explanation of the difference.) Still, anyone interested in workfare should be familiar with the genesis of the English workhouses. In the early part of the 19th century, the English rural worker, formerly "the pride of his nation," was "broken, impoverished, and servile," writes Steven Marcus in his essay, "Their Brothers' Keepers," which appears in a 1978 Pantheon anthology, *Doing Good: The Limits of Benevolence*. Marcus attributes the worker's declining status to a system of subsidies introduced in 1795 that guaranteed the poor a sum, so the resolution ran, "in proportion as the price of bread rises or falls." The system deprived laborers of an incentive to work—and work, in any event, was not likely to carry one out of the lowest social and economic class. Employers found they didn't need to pay much, because the counties would supply the difference between the wages they paid and the guaranteed minimum. By the end of the Georgian era, England was a welfare state gone haywire. Marcus insists that the important inferences to be drawn from his essay "are not allegorical ones," but his very denial that he "intended to discredit notions of minimum incomes, or negative income taxes, or guaranteed wages of one or another kind" is suspicious. Anyway, who can resist drawing an allegorical inference or two?

The workhouse was a well-intentioned effort proposed by the utilitarian philosopher Jeremy Bentham to correct the "universal system of pauperism" that had resulted from the guaranteed subsidy. Bentham's scheme was based on "the principle of less eligibility." If "the condition of persons maintained at the public charge were *in general* rendered *more eligible*, upon the whole, than that of persons maintained at their own charge, those of the latter number not excepted, whose condition is least eligible," wrote Bentham, then the system would fail. If, on the other hand, those in the public charge were rendered less "eligible," that is, more miserable, than the poorest of those who lived outside the workhouse, then the system would prosper, both producing work and inspiring the poor to be more self-sufficient. The Poor Law of 1834 followed Bentham's scheme, making it certain, writes Marcus, that "the only thing worse than dependency would be death itself."

The deliberate horrors of English workhouse life have been well documented. What should interest us most is not the horrors themselves, but the way good people justified those horrors to themselves. In *Oliver Twist* Charles Dickens described

the usual moral posturings:

The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men, and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered—the poor people liked it! It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes, a tavern where there was nothing to pay; a public breakfast, dinner, tea and supper all year round; a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work.

There may be nothing inherently unjust in workhouses, or in workfare, but sometimes efforts to rouse the sluggish can lapse into cruelty. Like the English in the early 19th century, we have discovered that benevolence can lead to dependency, and we have hit upon a scheme to set the poor to work again by making dependency less attractive; unlike them, we should take care not to make it deliberately harrowing.

So far, American experiments with workfare have not followed the English example. Careful screening procedures have excluded those who, for one reason or another, would suffer in a workfare program, and the part-time work assigned is usually reasonable. The problem with workfare as it has been tried in California, Massachusetts, and Utah is that relatively few people were found to be eligible. In Massachusetts, an initial pool of 5,228 welfare recipients who had already been found to be sufficiently able-bodied to be assigned to the federal Work Incentive program was narrowed to 3,120 and then to 1,033. In California, only 2.5 workfare assignments were made per 1,000 AFDC

recipients. Even in Utah's successful ongoing workfare program, 8,987 WIN registrants yielded only 1,850 workfare eligibles between June 1974 and June 1976. Where are all the able-bodied deadbeats whom California, Massachusetts, and Utah had hoped to find? Without them, workfare becomes expensive. In California and Massachusetts, many of those eligible for workfare failed to participate. In Massachusetts fewer than half showed up at work sites. (In both states, participation was hampered by resistance on the part of state courts, legislatures, and welfare workers who thought workfare was either inhumane or too much trouble to administer.) Yet dropping these no-shows from the welfare rolls didn't come close to balancing out the cost of administering workfare.

The California and Massachusetts workfare experiments, which have been written up the most extensively, are far from conclusive. The programs were too disorganized to work very well. Better experiments will follow. What will they tell us about workfare? Probably that it is a lousy way to save money. The screening process that selects those eligible for workfare is the easiest part of the experiment. If so few people are found to be eligible in the first place, any program designed to prevent potential abuses probably wouldn't pay for itself. Still, integrity may be its own reward when it comes to programs such as workfare, which are designed to ease our doubts as to whether our tax dollars go to the truly deserving. If we expect too much of workfare, we may start to think like Victorians.

Timothy Noah

Timerman's voice may be alone, but his experience isn't.

The Siege of the Argentine Jews

by Robert Weisbrot

The controversy over the indictment of Argentine anti-Semitism by Jacobo Timerman, the former newspaper publisher and political prisoner, is better resolved by historical than by hysterical pleading. Too much of the current debate has been colored by the vogue for

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finding virtue in right-wing "authoritarian" regimes, as in Alexander Haig's recent embrace of the Argentine junta as God-fearing and anti-totalitarian. A mirror image of this disservice to reasoned discussion is the strident criticism of Argentina's treatment of Jews by certain leftist commentators who previously have displayed scant interest in combating anti-Semitism elsewhere, but an all too constant enthusiasm for pinpointing faults, real or imagined, of right-wing governments. As a final contribution to confusion, certain understandably intimidated Argentine Jewish leaders

have been frantically denying that their government is at all anti-Semitic. The fact is, however, that there exists in Argentina today a salient pattern of anti-Semitic activities by both private elements and government agents, and it draws on prejudices found widely in Argentine society.

TIMERMAN'S own experience, during 30 months of military detention, is a striking illustration of the danger to which Jews in Argentina (variously estimated between 300,000 and a half a million) are vulnerable. A staunch Zionist and advocate of an "open society" despite the government's war against leftist guerrillas, he was anathema to key officers in the junta. Timerman was arrested without explanation in April 1977 and suffered repeated physical and psychological torture. In September 1979, some two years after the Argentine supreme court had first demanded his release, the junta had Timerman expelled from the country, still uninformed of any charges against him.

Some commentators who wish to avoid offending the Argentine junta have denied that Timerman's imprisonment is evidence of government anti-Semitism. They argue, as Argentine diplomats have argued almost since the junta's seizure of power over five years ago, that in a nation plagued by guerrilla terrorism, the military has been forced to take stern preventive security measures, affecting non-Jews as well as Jews. Some abuses of Jews and other prisoners have occurred, these commentators concede, but they are isolated incidents. They stress that, in general, only Argentines suspected of subversion have been targets of government forces.

Of course it is true that Jews are not the only ones to have suffered from terrorism in Argentina. The 15,000 *desaparecidos* (those who disappeared after government arrest, and are believed executed) and the thousands more killed by left- and right-wing guerrillas are predominantly non-Jews, including some Catholic priests. One Argentine said as early as 1972, "You could make a case that the country is anti-Argentine, if you look at all the victims of terrorism."

After every reasonable allowance is made for disruptive social conditions, however, one still finds that the mere fact of Jewish identity has stimulated government mistrust and often active harassment. Timerman's recent memoir of captivity, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number* (Knopf), records how his interrogators focused obsessively on presumed Zionist conspiracies, of which he, a prominent Jew, was thought to have intimate knowledge. Some comparatively restrained questioners postulated an imminent Israeli commando raid to convert southern Argentina into a second Jewish state. Others adhered to the more expansive if conventional anti-Semitic fantasies of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and asked for details on the alleged Jewish plot to rule the world. During the tortures that alternated with these inquisitions, Timer-

man's tormentors also routinely hurled anti-Semitic epithets at him.

Lately some commentators have tried to discredit Timerman's charges of government anti-Semitism by resorting to vicious *ad hominem* innuendoes. Essentially they seek to reduce the causes of Timerman's agony to his ties with David Graiver, the late financier (also Jewish) alleged by the military to have channeled funds to terrorists. Although Graiver had invested funds in Timerman's enterprises, it should be noted that no one has ever adduced evidence that Timerman had the slightest knowledge of any subversive activities. Indeed, the case against Graiver himself was based largely on the replies of a captured guerrilla who was questioned under torture by security agents. These charges still await proof. Observers at the time noted that the Graiver affair enabled the junta quickly to implicate many of its most prestigious and troublesome opponents, including two former presidents (Alejandro Lanusse and Isabel Perón) alleged to have obtained funds from Graiver's banks. Timerman was arrested and his widely read journal, *La Opinión*, noted for its defenses of Zionism and human rights, was confiscated by the military.

There is another indication that the Graiver affair was a rationale for Timerman's persecution rather than the cause of it. The military continued to move against other Jews and predominantly Jewish economic interests, even in the absence of this rationale. In May 1977 the military seized Aluar, an important aluminum processing plant in which a major shareholder was José Ber Gelbard, a Polish-born Jew and the only person in the former civilian government to have been exiled by the junta almost immediately after it took power.

ONLY THE strongest defenders of the junta would suggest that these purges against Timerman and other prominent Jews were "coincidences" free of any anti-Semitic motivation. Yet since some commentators recently have passed this test of human credulity, let us accept for the moment that the military acted solely on the grounds that Graiver was a suspected agent of terrorists, Timerman a suspected accomplice, and Gelbard conceivably a focal point of liberal resistance to military rule. Why, then, in this same period, was the American Jewish Committee office in Buenos Aires closed under duress, and why did its director, Jacobo Kovadloff, leave Argentina with his family after they were harassed and threatened by government security agents? Kovadloff, a humanistic Argentine leader, had long been respected as a nonpartisan worker concerned with interfaith toleration. Kovadloff, like other Argentine Jewish leaders, has refrained from public criticism of the government; yet his experience affirms Timerman's unshrinking accusations.

The recent flurry of attacks on Timerman's career and on his claim that the junta persecuted him as a Jew

Kristol Unclear

Writing in the *Wall Street Journal* on May 29, Irving Kristol lashed out at "the different attitudes of our human rights activists toward Huber Matos and Jacobo Timerman." Timerman, of course, is the Argentine journalist who was imprisoned, tortured, and exiled by the Argentine military authorities. Matos, as Kristol notes, was one of the principal leaders of the Cuban revolution. When he tried to resign his post as military governor of the Camaguey province in October 1959, Castro had him arrested. Matos was accused of "slandering the revolution" and was sentenced to 20 years in prison after a kangaroo-court trial at which Castro delivered a seven-hour harangue from the witness box. Ironically, Matos's "slander" was confined to the suggestion that Cuba was being led down the road to communism. But Kristol doesn't dwell on the injustices that both Matos and Timerman suffered. He points instead to the discrepancy between the attention given the two cases, and suggests this supports his claim that the human rights movement is controlled by forces among "the left and liberal-left" with

"sophisticated political intentions."

Kristol was right to emphasize the similarities between Matos's and Timerman's experiences. Both men supported the ascent to power of the regimes that eventually turned on them. Both were imprisoned and tortured for speaking out in defense of individual freedoms and democratic and legal processes. Refusing to renounce their principles in the face of intimidation, both were singled out for particularly brutal treatment during their incarcerations.

But Kristol is not the only one to notice the parallel. In his May 10 review of Timerman's book, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, Anthony Lewis took pains to compare the treatment that Timerman and Matos received. Kristol undoubtedly counts Lewis, the most ardent promoter of Timerman's story, among those with "sophisticated political intentions." But whatever Kristol may think of Lewis's foreign policy views in general, the reference to Matos made the obvious and necessary point: it is impossible to overlook the similarity between the methods of political re-

pression practiced by right-wing and left-wing tyrannies.

It is precisely this conclusion that Kristol, and the present administration, find so threatening. Hence the effort to demonstrate that the people promoting Timerman—opponents of the fashionable theory that distinguishes "authoritarian" from "totalitarian" regimes—are as soft on left-wing tyranny as Kristol is on its right-wing counterpart. Kristol writes:

Finally freed, Mr. Matos is now in the United States, where the self-styled 'human rights movement' studiously ignores him. The *New Yorker* has not published his memoirs, as it has Mr. Timerman's. He has not been shepherded to Washington to influence the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's attitude toward the nominee for assistant secretary of state for human rights—as Mr. Timerman was. Mr. Timerman is a hero of the human rights crusade, Mr. Matos is consigned to the shadows. Can anyone believe this is accidental?

Is Kristol complaining about the professional human rights organizations that have excluded or forgotten Matos? Or about the press? Or about liberal legislators? Kristol probably finds all of the above negligent in guarding against left-wing totalitarianism. But the "human rights move-

are not only unsound, they also divert attention from the dangers facing the Argentine Jewish community as a whole. Anti-Semitism in Argentina extends far beyond the victimization of a few prominent figures. Its manifestations are widespread and brutal, and it predates both Timerman's ordeal and the March 1976 coup that brought this particular junta to power.

Ever since Jews came from Europe to Argentina in large numbers during the late 19th century, they have found their adopted land a dangerously unstable host. They have enjoyed a large measure of cultural freedom and economic opportunity, and today comprise an educated and generally prosperous middle class in Argentine society. Yet recurrent surges of bigotry reveal a nation that has sometimes seemed a shelter less for Jews than for anti-Semites.

The terror eclipsing Jewish life over the decades has been prompted by various forms of violence and vandalism. Synagogue bombings, swastikas desecrating Jewish cemeteries, shootings, kidnappings, and virulent, well-financed propaganda campaigns have been among the recurring offenses. The perpetrators have also varied from hatemongers parading military insignia to Nazi war criminals to guerrilla bands on both political extremes.

Anti-Semitic attitudes, far from being confined to a few extremist elements in the military and elsewhere, are widespread in Argentine society. Much of the disdain for Jews stems from religious prejudice, though in a far less potent form than in an earlier era of Latin American history (the Spanish Inquisition was formally abolished in Argentina in the early 1800s). Respected prelates and Catholic journals like *Criterio* condemn anti-Semitism as un-Christian. But subtler prejudices remain, such as sermons that perpetuate themes such as the Jewish "Christ-killer" image.

The fact that most Jews are tradespeople and a substantial number are professionals in a country chiefly composed of unskilled and semi-skilled laborers exacerbates tensions. The economic success of many Jews has drawn hostility. Upper-class Argentines often deride Jews as *nouveaux riches* who lack the breeding of true gentlemen, and lower-class workers refer to a car beyond their means as "the car of the Jews."

Extremist ideologies crystallize the often nebulous popular resentments toward Jews into vivid stereotypes. Cries of a "Jewish Communist conspiracy" have long provided a focus of such diatribes. Such charges command a facade of legitimacy because a disproportionate number of Argentine leftists, particularly

ment" is only a loosely knit community, insufficiently organized to do anything "studiously."

Kristol would have us infer that there is a conspiracy of silence against Matos. His insinuation that Matos's writings have not been widely disseminated because editors at magazines like the *New Yorker* are indifferent to political persecution by left-wing governments is not merely foolish, it is misleading. Timerman has published a book which, as even Kristol admits, can only move one to "compassion and outrage." But contrary to what Kristol implies, Matos's memoirs haven't been ignored—they simply haven't been published yet. And by all accounts, there has in fact been great interest in Matos's forthcoming book (which he expects to finish by the end of this year). Publishers and periodicals have been clamoring for excerpts and the rights to the book.

Nor is there reason to suggest that the media ever purposefully ignored Matos while extolling Timerman. When Timerman and Matos were released in June and October 1979, they were accorded approximately equal coverage. Most major US newspapers ran profiles or interviews with Matos at the time of his release. Both the *New York Times* and the *Washington*

Post published front-page articles recounting the story of Castro's betrayal and describing the treatment Matos endured throughout his confinement. Timerman received the same kind of attention, though on a smaller scale. One does not automatically conclude from this that the media was biased against Timerman, but rather that Matos's 20-year imprisonment was seen to warrant more coverage than Timerman's three-year term.

Since his release Matos has devoted himself to organizing the democratic opposition to Castro in the Cuban exile community. He has not become a full-time advocate of worldwide human rights causes, which is not to say that Matos shares Kristol's suspicion of the institutionalized human rights movement. Speaking last week at a Washington ceremony celebrating the 20th anniversary of Amnesty International, Matos emphasized his "great respect" for that organization, whose efforts were central in obtaining his release. Matos was one of seven former "prisoners of conscience" who were honored and spoke that night. Four of those seven had suffered under governments that Kristol would identify as "totalitarian." So much for the claim that the human rights movement conveniently overlooks "the

threat from the totalitarian left."

Kristol was especially perturbed by Timerman's silent presence at Ernest Lefever's confirmation hearings. After all, Timerman's book has proved inconvenient for Lefever and has called into question many of the ideas to which both Kristol and Lefever subscribe. But would Matos, as Kristol implies, have been more sympathetic toward Lefever? It doesn't seem likely. In a November 1979 letter to President Carter, Matos credited the president's human rights policy with having helped to secure his release. He wrote that it "has been not only a great moral stimulus for Cuban political prisoners, but also an important support in facing abuses in Cuban jails." When interviewers have sought his opinion of the repressive right-wing regimes of Latin America, Matos always has maintained that he abhors all governments that abridge the liberty of their people through violence and intimidation. It's difficult to reconcile this kind of attitude with Kristol's preference for a selective human rights policy. Would Kristol be sympathetic to Huber Matos if he were fighting Batista's "benign" dictatorship in the Sierra Maestra today?

John Lieber

Communists, have been Jewish (though they represent a small minority of Jews and are ostracized by major Jewish organizations). Although the great majority of Jews traditionally have supported democratic and anti-Communist candidates such as former presidents Arturo Frondizi and Arturo Illía, the scapegoating of all Jews as "Bolshevist subversives" has continued.

Currently the *sine qua non* of anti-Semitic polemic is the denunciation of "Zionist imperialism," an effective euphemism in a land where most professed Jews are Zionist. The Argentine who harbors prejudice against Jews yet wants to consider himself tolerant and even idealistic (by the standards of the "third world," with which Argentina tends to identify itself) can excoriate Zionist machinations while denying anti-Jewish feelings.

The crusade against the Zionist evil is by no means confined to extremists of the right. One thinks, for example, of the 600 eminent intellectuals, Peronist leaders, and union officials from the head of the leftist Third World Priests, Carlos Mujica, to the conservative figure Matías Sánchez Sorondo, all of whom signed an advertisement in the *Journal Clarin* in 1971 denouncing the Jewish state as inherently usurping,

racist, aggressive, and expansionist. One remembers, too, that despite the heralded liberalism of the civilian political parties a left Peronist deputy, Juan Carlos Cornejo Linares, created a stir in 1964 with a call for investigation of Zionist activity in Argentina. Linares thought it an open issue whether Zionism was menacing the nation's existence. The scholar Mauricio Dulfano notes that amidst the lively debate over Linares's proposal, a Jewish congressman introduced a motion to investigate the increase in anti-Semitic activity then deluging Argentina. His motion failed to muster a quorum for discussion. Like the left elsewhere in the world, the left in Argentina has not been much exercised by anti-Semitism.

Given the widespread contempt for Jews in Argentina, it is not surprising that extremists, often operating in a generally unstable social climate, have perpetrated anti-Semitic acts with little popular protest and scant government interference. These outrages date almost to the first organized Jewish settlements. The largely Slavic origins of these Jews enabled right-wing agitators to play upon the popular fear of "Russian revolutionaries." Sporadic incidents of gang violence culminated during the "Tragic Week" in January 1919, which left hundreds of Jews dead and thousands more

injured. As the slaughter in the Jewish Quarter of Buenos Aires reached a crescendo, nearby police remained impassive. Sixty years later, the incident appears less an anomaly than an archetype for periodic explosions of anti-Semitic barbarism.

IF CIVILIAN governments, like that in 1919, have proved too feeble or indifferent to check anti-Semitic acts, Argentina's numerous military regimes in this century have been inimical to Jewish welfare. In 1930, a military coup installed a group of German-trained officers whose xenophobia proved a more volatile fuel for bigotry than the anti-Marxist hysteria that had led to earlier tragedy. Government propagandists now cast the Jew as a subverter of the "national purpose," and throughout the decade right-wing police helped fascist gangs terrorize Jews with bombs, guns, and knives.

The military repression culminated in the early 1940s, when the ambitious army colonel and minister of Labor, Juan Domingo Perón, permitted the use of Jew-baiting tactics to enliven worker rallies. In a typical case of government-protected instigation, Peronist police beamed approval while hoodlums painted on a sidewalk in Buenos Aires, "Kill a Jew and be a patriot!" As Perón consolidated his power, the Jews were allowed a decade's respite from anti-Semitic persecution, to the extent that silent terror can be construed as an interlude. But in 1960, during the presidency of a liberal democrat, Arturo Frondizi, this precarious state of calm collapsed with the news that Israeli agents had seized mass murderer Adolf Eichmann in Buenos Aires. The event catalyzed an intense right-wing reaction by a lunatic fringe, which committed hundreds of anti-Semitic acts annually during the early 1960s. With exceptions, Argentine authorities divided—as one finds today as well—between those unable to restrain anti-Semitic criminals and those unwilling to. The latter element included key police officials, who routinely castigated Jewish victims of fascist attacks.

Jews who believed that their security had reached its nadir received an added shock in July 1966, when the democratic regime fell in a military coup. The new president, General Juan Carlos Onganía, intent upon suppressing left-wing elements, conducted a purge of civilian politicians that encompassed all Jewish officials, and he formed an inner circle of advisers that included a former Nazi collaborator and others inclined toward repressive measures.

The Onganía junta escalated its war against the Jews with the arbitrary arrest of Bernardo Jaroslavsky, a respected municipal official in Buenos Aires, followed by arrests of 18 Jewish business leaders, all eventually dismissed for lack of substantive charges. Anti-Semitic violence by largely unchecked private groups recurred throughout the rule of this and two successive juntas.

During the upsurge in left-wing guerrilla activity in the early 1970s, the worsening social conditions

created a new focus of danger for the Jews: a host of rumors about Zionist intrigues. In Bahía Blanca, 420 miles from Buenos Aires, "international Zionism" was widely blamed for the death of Juan Perón's nationally revered wife, Eva (a victim of cancer in 1952). In two other major cities, Tucumán and Resistencia, public meetings condemned the "Zionist plot" to undermine Argentine nationality.

The military's restoration of civilian politics in 1973, under intense popular pressure, merely sharpened the ambivalence of the Jewish position in Argentina. Septuagenarian Juan Perón returned from exile to regain the presidency, while retaining his political North Star of expediency toward the "Jewish question." He denied that his Justicialista party was anti-Semitic, yet cultivated ties with anti-Semites in and outside of Parliament. He appointed José Ber Gelbard as minister of finance, yet tacitly approved a public accusation by one of his closest aides that the presence of Jews in government was impeding the national interest, which dictated closer ties to oil-rich Arab states. Amid these conflicting signals, anti-Semitic acts increased, a trend exacerbated by a collapsing economy, rising guerrilla activity on both left and right, and the declaration of a "State of Siege" in 1975 by Perón's widow and successor, Isabel, which moved the nation further toward authoritarianism.

When the military swept away the vestiges of democracy by deposing Isabel Perón in 1976, in order to suppress insurrection more efficiently, the position of Argentina's Jews deteriorated. In the junta's zeal to eliminate suspected left-wing dissidents, it awarded fascist groups free rein to eliminate "undesirables." Soon self-appointed death squads were roaming the country with impunity, murdering prominent liberals, trade unionists, intellectuals, and Jews of every occupational and political background. These activities were flanked by a proliferation of Nazi writings selling briskly on Argentine newsstands. Very popular in 1976 was a new edition of *Mein Kampf*.

THE NUMBER of anti-Semitic attacks has diminished somewhat in recent years, but the active partnership among fascists in and out of government remains vigorous. What can be done to reduce the danger to Argentina's Jewish community? Some, including Jacobo Timerman, believe that unless people and governments everywhere protest anti-Semitic actions (and indeed all violations of human rights), these evils will spread in a moral vacuum. But others, including some Argentine and American Jewish officials, fear that such protest, however morally cathartic, might provoke the military junta into further acts of repression. Unlike the equally debated question of whether anti-Semitism in Argentina even exists, it is a complex issue that admits no certain prediction. Yet if history is any guide, concerted opposition to Argentine anti-Semitism is likely to bring salutary results, though more limited than many advocates of protest contend.

American diplomatic pressure appears to have contributed, though no one knows just how significantly, to greater restraint by earlier Argentine military governments. In 1943, for example, Minister of Justice Martínez Zuviría, a notorious anti-Semite, banned Yiddish journals (on the ground that the censor could not read them), and issued rulings that virtually prohibited kosher meat processing in the capital. After pressure from the United States government, including a sharp public statement about repression from President Franklin Roosevelt, these laws were abruptly reversed.

Again, in 1966, when anti-Semitic terror was at one of its many peaks, demonstrations at the United Nations and strong protests by President Lyndon Johnson and other political notables such as Senator Robert Kennedy of New York were followed by conciliatory gestures from President Onganía. He implicitly denied anti-Semitic intent, and even continued a tradition of Argentina's civilian presidents by sending public greetings to the Jewish community on its high holy days.

American pressure on the current junta has also had some positive effect on the plight of Argentine Jews, though how much (and with what complications for diplomatic relations generally) may be disputed. According to Jacobo Timerman, the intercession of Patricia Derian, President Carter's assistant secretary of State for human rights and humanitarian affairs, saved him from execution. It appears that outside

pressure also has encouraged some elements within the junta to try to moderate the fervor with which their colleagues have pursued Zionists and other suspected "subversives."

Actions by the Jewish community itself—despite its difficult position—at different times have helped to fight persecution. In the early 1940s, there were episodes of successful armed Jewish resistance to marauding Nazi bands in Buenos Aires. In 1962 (under a civilian government) a Jewish-organized demonstration to protest police indifference to the torture of a 19-year-old Jewish girl gained the active support of some non-Jews as well as Jews.

One must qualify any optimism drawn from these events, which are, after all, limited victories in a generally dismal context. Still, if vigilance toward anti-Semitism in Argentina, including public pronouncements as well as private diplomacy, cannot eliminate this anti-social malady, it may at least help check potential tragedies to come. But even this kind of vigilance requires a more sustained concern, commitment, and simple awareness than world opinion has thus far shown. Further, as the current repressive situation possibly takes a few tentative steps for the better, the strong temptation will arise, as in previous decades, to dismiss anti-Semitic horrors as an ugly but aberrant relic of Argentine history. Those with a sense of what that history has meant for Argentina's Jews, however, realize that such "aberrations" are all too likely to haunt them again.

Detente? Default is more like it.

The Polish Bailout

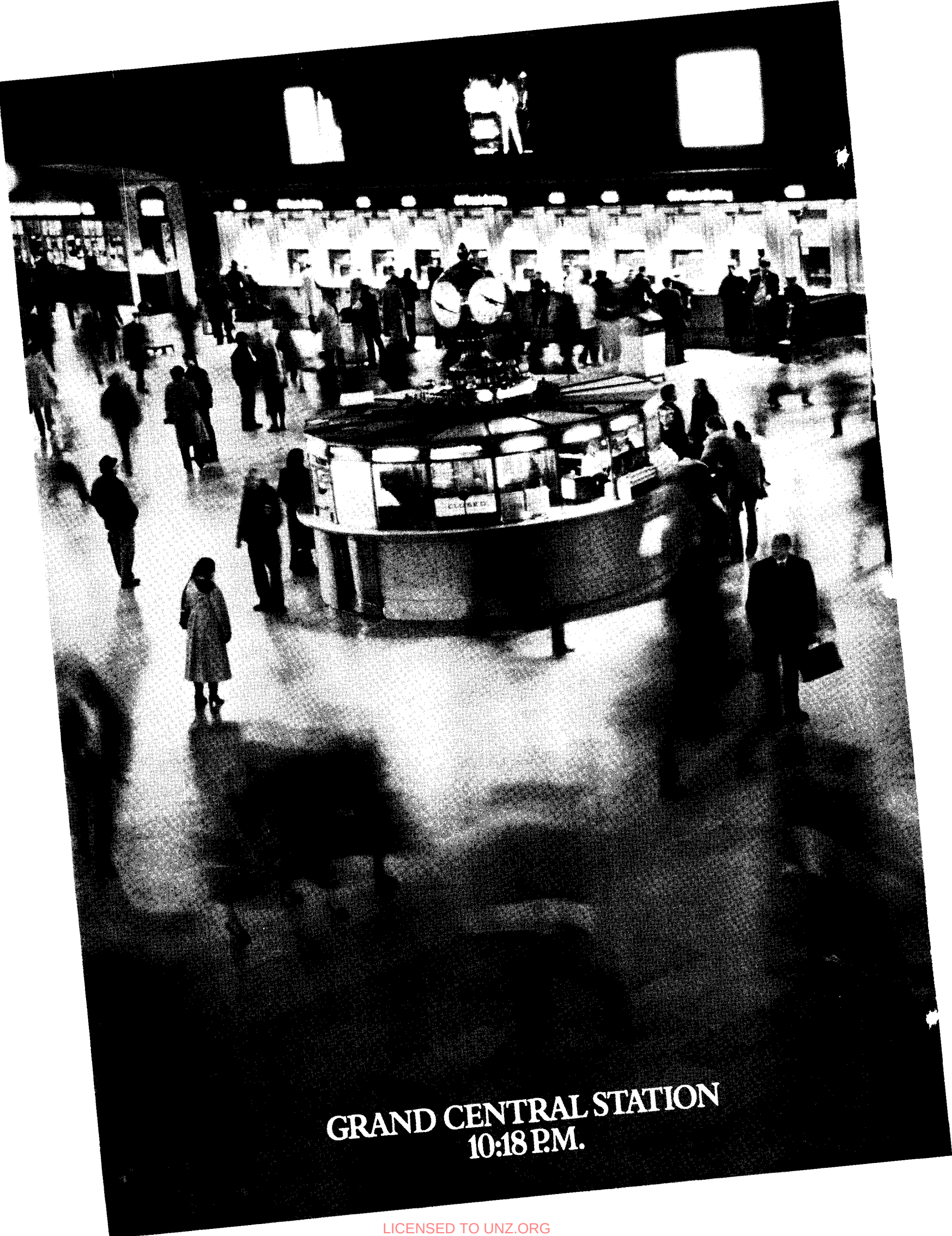
by William J. Quirk

The Polish workers change governments every ten years. In 1970 they toppled the unlamented Władysław Gomułka after he raised food prices. In 1980 they got rid of Gomułka's successor, Edward Gierek, after he too raised food prices. The party ascribed both of these sudden retirements to previously undetected circulatory problems. In 1970 the idea of substantial Western loans to a Soviet bloc country would have been a fantastic joke to both sides. Nonetheless, ten years later, the fall of Gierek left behind \$24 billion in

Polish debts to Western banks and governments. What happened on the way from zero to \$24 billion was what President Nixon called "detente." The debt is now being "rescheduled"—a banker's euphemism for default—and clearly will never be repaid. The "rescheduling" talks now going on in Frankfurt call for the West not only to roll over the \$24 billion, but also to throw in a new ten billion dollars which Poland needs over the next year or so to avoid starvation.

The Polish default has been predicted for some time—long before the workers started asking for Saturday off. (See "Dollars for Detente," *TNR*, March 31, 1979.) Yet the clearer it became that Poland would

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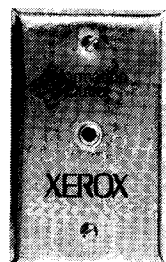
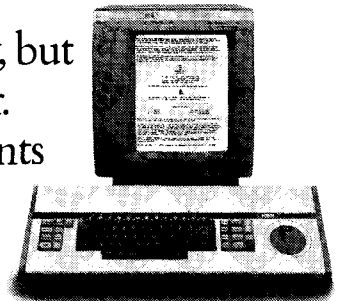
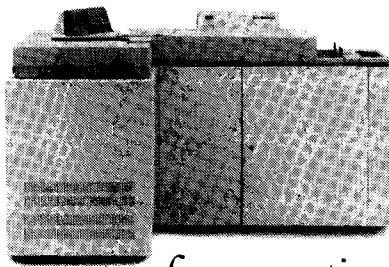
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default, the vaster became the sums the international bankers kicked in. In movies and literature, international financiers always have been our model for shrewdness as well as for avarice. Have we been misled? Do they know something we don't?

Food prices are heavily subsidized by the government. So a food price increase like the one that triggered the 1970 uprising produces money for the government to expend elsewhere—for example, on modernized plant and productive machinery. Rather than attempting to increase agricultural productivity to bring prices down, the government determined to import capital. Gierek, with the example of Gomulka's fate to guide him, understood that the workers would not go along with an industrial modernization program paid for out of their standard of living. Outside funds were necessary—both for capital improvements and to provide a rising standard of living for the workers, a prudent thing to do if one wanted to stay in power a while.

Would the Soviet Union provide the needed funds? The answer was no, but they had a bright idea. This American president, Nixon, kept talking about detente. Why not ask him and his Western banker friends for the money? Wasn't this the whole point of detente? To import Western technology with Western money to modernize Communist industry?

IN JUNE 1972 President Nixon toured Poland and met First Party Secretary Gierek. They announced the formation of the Polish American Trade Commission. In November the White House announced a series of trade pacts with Poland. To make it official, David Rockefeller made a nine-day trip to Eastern Europe. Shortly thereafter, the *New York Times* reported that Chase Manhattan Bank "has offered 'substantial' credits to Poland to facilitate the purchase of American technology."

Comecon countries' debt to the West ran from zero in 1973 to \$36 billion in 1975 to \$75 billion now. Borrowing from the West was the pivot of Gierek's policy. Poland made a "dash for growth" based on heavy investment in Western equipment for manufacturing and mining of copper, coal, and sulphur. Simultaneously, and also with borrowed funds, Gierek rapidly increased workers' wages. Between 1961 and 1970, wages rose 1.8 percent per year; under Gierek, wages grew 7.2 percent annually between 1971 and 1975. Gierek's theory was that the foreign debt would be repaid by increased exports generated by a vigorous Polish industry, a theory that might be called the Gierek Curve. The initial borrowing under his program was on standard Euromarket terms, five to seven years; it all came due in 1980.

By June 1976 the workers were in the streets again and Gierek's policy was a clear and complete failure. He had tried to save it, by raising food prices, of all things, some as much as 100 percent. Gierek soon gave up, but the desperation behind the policy, and its fail-

ure, established beyond doubt that the game was over. What had gone wrong? The OPEC oil gouge hurt. Basically, however, the Polish industrial products were just not competitive in the world market. Poland's had been a reasonably successful agricultural and natural resource economy. The bankers had financed an attempt to create a modern industrial state, but the Poles could not compete with the traditional industrial powers.

THE WEST'S EXPERTS had no doubt that the Polish experiment was over. Poland was known as the "last of the Comecon big spenders." Herbert Peters of Germany's Commerzbank said in October 1975 that Poland "has reached its credit limit." Poland owed six billion dollars at the time. A 1977 congressional report "found it hard to pinpoint a single area where Comecon has either the goods or the marketing capability to achieve a major growth in exports to the West." Professor Richard Porter of the University of London concluded in 1977 that "only a very large increase in the price of copper would offer any real hope that Poland might be able to meet its hard currency debt repayment schedule in 1980."

The Poles, however, waved away the critics. Asked in 1976 to give the exact amount Poland owed, the president of the Polish Foreign Trade Bank replied, "I cannot. Figures of indebtedness are not published, nor are figures of reserves." Somewhat discouraged, the East European correspondent of the *Financial Times*, David Lascelles, reported in early 1977 "a growing feeling [in the Euromarket] that normal criteria of debt and debt service need not necessarily apply to tightly controlled and centrally planned economies."

Normal criteria were indeed nowhere to be seen when it came to loans to the Eastern bloc. This was very clear; the banks did not have any figures, other than those provided by the CIA, about anything that was happening behind the now rusty iron curtain. But in 1976, as far as Poland was concerned, no figures were needed. There was no question that, come 1980, Poland would default on her outstanding six-billion-dollar debt. A large loss was going to fall somewhere.

But in 1981, when Poland defaulted, it didn't owe six billion dollars; it owed \$24 billion. In the five years from 1976 to 1981, with default certain, the West had lent a new \$18 billion to Poland. The debt grew to eight billion dollars in 1977; \$15 billion in 1978; \$18 billion in 1979; \$20 billion in 1980; and \$24 billion in 1981. The Polish crisis was continuing—the workers were restive and the party retained only precarious control. The 1976 strikes showed that the government would be overthrown as soon as it raised food prices. The country, however, was bankrupt and running huge trade deficits. Where would the money come from to prop up a repressive regime that had proved to be corrupt, inefficient, and incapable? Not from Russia. Russia had its own problems. For five years the Western bankers held up the tottering Gierek. In 1980

he raised the prices anyway and the workers took over. In 1981 the New Freedom—a renewal movement in Poland—is burdened with a \$24-billion debt, much of it incurred to keep freedom oppressed.

Over the years the bankers have given different alibis for the loans. In 1977 an unnamed Western banker told the *Times*: "The point is that our clients in the West are facing a recession market at home, and badly need new investment possibilities abroad in such countries as Poland. They want to do business here. They can't get the business unless Poland gets the Western credit to pay for the investments, so they urge us to supply that credit." In November 1978 an unnamed American banker said: "If we don't give the Poles new loans, the West Germans will, or the Japanese, as we have just seen." In August 1979 we were told there were "positive signs." Yet another unnamed Western banker said: "The entire economy is finally geared to deal with the debt problems. They're far tougher on themselves than any IMF manager might be; the regime is squeezing their people quite hard. The question, politically, is how long they can continue to squeeze." Now we know: not very long.

The banks have never really explained the loans. They say East Europe has a perfect repayment record, but no one ever loaned them anything. Well, say the bankers, the point is, actually, that Russian gold is behind all of it. An East European country will go bust only if Moscow wants it to or cannot stop it. If that happens, the banks reason apocalyptically, we will have more to worry about than a little bankruptcy. This specious reasoning is the basis of the famous "Russian umbrella theory," which presumed the Soviet Union would be ready to prevent any default by a Comecon country. In late April Soviet officials advised Western bankers that the "umbrella theory" was not valid. They saw no legal or moral obligation. Some rain was coming and the umbrella had holes.

The bankers, though, probably never believed in the umbrella. It sounded all right when the press asked about shaky Red loans. But there were too many possibilities that the umbrella wouldn't keep the bankers dry. What pushed capitalist bankers over the ideological divide? What pushed them beyond what anyone would call prudence?

NIXON'S DETENTE doctrine apparently was formulated by the bankers as a means of disposing of surplus goods and credit. Certainly there is no evidence that the Nixon government forced the doctrine upon the bankers. Detente grew naturally out of the dynamics of the Eurobanks—the overseas auxiliaries of banks that were developed in the mid-1960s to avoid US regulation. These banks are, in effect, Xerox machines for dollars. Once a given sum is deposited, the bankers can lend and re-lend it to their hearts' content—effectively creating brand-new dollars. The more dollars they create, the more money they make.

It's simply a variation of the old banker's multiplier.

A deposits a dollar, which the bank lends to B, who pays C, who deposits it in the bank which lends it to D. The original one dollar is now the basic five dollars circulating and the multiplication can go on forever. No cash is necessary, just a succession of checks and notes. Banks, consequently, are natural engines of inflation. In the United States infinite multiplication can't happen, because of legally imposed reserve requirements. The banker, receiving a one-dollar deposit, must set aside something, say 20 cents, as a reserve. The Eurobanks are untrammelled by reserve requirements.

Of course banks make money by lending money and the more they lend the more they make. But until the Eurobanks got theirs, no one had ever given the banks a printing press. State banks, before the Civil War, issued their own notes which circulated as currency, but each bank had to convince the public that it had assets to back up the notes. Eurobanks, on the other hand, issued currency backed up by the US government. Having created money, the banks then had to create a market to take it. Poland was a convenience.

WILL RUSSIA intervene in Poland? For months the press has reported border maneuvers and other Russian intimidation and harassment against Solidarity and the New Freedom. Upon first glance, Russia should want to take over the sinking Polish ship about as much as Reagan wants to federalize welfare. But Russia does not determine her interest by accounting considerations. Her actions are not predictable. Indeed, the world has become so strange that some in the West favor Russian intervention—disastrous as that would be for human freedom—since, they say, Russia then would be obliged to pick up the debts along with the assets. This "pick-up-the-pieces" theory is a variant of the now inoperative umbrella.

The US government is plainly calling the signals on the "rescheduling" operation. In February the *Wall Street Journal* reported that Polish requests for money in late 1980 "had to be postponed because of the US presidential transition." Other forms of aid, in substance, prop up the bank loans. On April Fool's Day the US announced the sale of butter and dried eggs to Poland. Since the Poles have no foreign exchange left, the US agreed to accept zlotys in payment. What do you do with a zloty?

The bankers are confident that a new umbrella, the taxpayers' umbrella, will give them adequate protection. The taxpayers don't know about it yet. In an understatement, the *Financial Times* reports that the current "rescheduling" talks do not "seem much concerned by the long-term future of the country." Creditworthiness has not been a question for some time. "What matters most for the present is to seal the crack that has appeared in the edifice of international banking before it gets so wide that the whole structure begins to totter." Last year Iran, this year Poland, next year Brazil. . . .

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Good Acting

How do the British manage it? The pound flutters, the economy wobbles, social malaise allegedly encroaches, but they keep coming up with exceptional young actresses. Nowadays, because of the shaky state of the British film industry, we discover them mostly on TV or in plays, but they arrive. If you saw the BBC production of *All's Well That Ends Well* on PBS, you saw Angela Down give a flawless, captivating performance as Helena. Now there's a British film—not exactly a common event in itself these days—with a newcomer named Amanda Redman giving a lovely performance in a quite different vein.

Richard's Things was adapted by Fred-eric Raphael from his own novel and was produced by Mark Shivas. The Raphael-Shivas team previously did *The Glittering Prizes*, a sardonic and urbane TV series somewhat overpraised, I thought, on the ground that we don't often see things as good as that on television. *Richard's Things* is less cozily wry than *The Glittering Prizes*, more adventurous, and finally less neatly successful; but scene by scene it has plentiful rewards, due largely to the acting of the star, Liv Ullmann, and the newcomer, Amanda Redman.

The title is both caustic and straight. Ullmann is the foreign wife of an Englishman, the mother of a son near 20. Her husband, off on a trip, is stricken with a heart attack and she hurries to him—his “things” are in a bag in the hospital room—and he dies soon after she arrives. Then she learns that there had been a woman in the hotel room with Richard. She tracks down the woman and finds that it was a young assistant in his firm, now moved to another job. Ullmann trails the young woman, then accosts her. The impulses for this tracking down are not expli-

cated but are completely credible. We know why Ullmann feels she must know more about the young woman.

Redman, the young woman, is surprised but not upset, self-possessed in the face of Ullmann's confrontation. Though she evidently cared genuinely for Richard, she is hardly grief-stricken by his death. From the moment that the two women meet, Redman, the “guilty” one, is clearly the stronger; but she is also understanding. Also curious. To jump to the end of the beginning of their story, they start a lesbian affair.

The inflection of emotion, need, and wonder, of darkness not quite definable, is accomplished mostly in the acting. It's more fresh and implicative than the writing. (Ullmann says things like: “I wanted to kill you.”) Some of the matters conveyed, for the most part wordlessly, are that each has loved the same man; that together they are in a sense maintaining him; that each is curious about what it was like sexually for Richard with the other; that each is bruised in ways that someone who had loved Richard might best help; that any impulse to homosexuality in two human beings who are not predominantly homosexual could more easily be evoked in this situation that is intensified and, so to speak, naked from the start. (It's all done so takingly that, after the film, I wondered about the possibilities of a reverse story, possibly written by a woman—the widower of a lately deceased woman and her male lover.)

What is also delineated, inevitably, is the difference in sexual attitudes of two generations. Ullmann has never had any kind of affair, let alone a homosexual one: Richard was her only lover. (Redman shrewdly guesses that Ullmann made love with Richard before their wedding, then told him that now

she felt married.) Redman has had a number of lovers—she admits to a dozen, though she doesn't specify that any were women. And it's she who initiates this affair: one can't imagine it happening otherwise.

The very freedom that enables Redman to begin this affair is the freedom that undermines it. The younger woman has moved, by invitation, into Ullmann's house, but then begins to go out on dates, openly, and without any lessening of her affection for Ullmann. The older woman is struck sadly by the inevitability of this change in what she had begun to think of as a permanent arrangement—she's the marrying kind. To try to keep her balance, more than to revenge herself, Ullmann then spends a night with an old admirer, a man who had been Richard's partner. It helps, apparently, but not enough.

The trouble with Raphael's script is that, on the evidence, no ending was foreseen. The story isn't even treated with assured non-resolution, the flowing together of two lives and then their flowing apart. The two women simply part, rather abruptly: Redman gets out of Ullmann's car in the middle of nowhere, they say that they still love each other, and Ullmann drives off. The action seems to be mutually protective, to prevent deterioration, but it's just a dribbling finish. Raphael gives Ullmann some voice-over lines as she drives away—something about the self she is now going to be able to present to the world—but the passage is lame, an afterthought. What's wanted is some clear perception on our part that, be-

Films Worth Seeing

Bustin' Loose. Richard Pryor. Never mind the Scotch-taped script. It gives some good chances to Richard Pryor.

Café Express. Nino Manfredi, restrained and humane, in a pleasant Italian little-man comedy.

The Four Seasons. Alan Alda wrote and directed this super sitcom about three couples who vacation together. Neil Simonized script, lifted above itself by keen interplaying of Alda and colleagues.

Oblomov. Goncharov's novel is canted somewhat, but the Soviet filmmakers have touched much of its spirit.

SK

cause of this episode, Richard's things are no longer Richard's. *He* can now belong to *them*.

But while it's moving forward before us, the film is good. Freddie Young, who shot it, must be the world's oldest practicing cinematographer. (Born 1902.) Young has done every kind of film in his career, but he's probably best known for his David Lean spectacles, *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago*. He comes indoors here with nice discretion and one bravura touch—a cut from a normally lit sequence to one in which Ullmann is sitting in near-dark before she switches on her home slide-projector. Anthony Harvey's previous direction has not been especially inspiring—*The Lion in Winter*, for instance; he's had a propensity for tricks. Here he has concentrated, warmly, on character.

The two leading players give us a feeling of reciprocity between themselves and Harvey—a feeling that one often gets from a Bergman film. As Ullmann ages, her face seems to be getting larger, as if all her features were becoming more clearly defined in her actor's "mask." She is still markedly less comfortable in English than in Swedish (or Norwegian), so even her silences lack the richness they would have if the borders of those silences had been articulated more subtly; but this is her best performance in English so far. She creates beautifully the inner landscape of a woman who was aware that she had deep feelings but who discovers how innocent she has been of their extent.

Redman, who has a slight resemblance to Ava Gardner, plays with crisp, appealing assurance and that youthful self-knowledge that is awesome to older people. (That awe in Ullmann is part of the chemistry between the two.) Redman's voice is attractive, and her ear is impeccable—the kind of readings that we used to get from Jane Fonda when she still cared and that are relatively common among good English actors. Redman gives the young woman decency without brag, the generosity that goes with self-confidence, wit that is built on tenderness. It's not a tremendously taxing role, but Redman makes us see how disastrous the film might have been without a performance of her quality.

Mel Brooks's History of the World, Part I is a title that promises; the picture defaults. After an opening takeoff on the opening of 2001, there's a series of sketches

about the Stone Age, the Roman Empire, the Spanish Inquisition, the French Revolution. The cast all seem to be having a fine time; the audience feels more grinned against than grinning. Brooks has the lead in most of the sketches and is best as a vaudevillian Torquemada. Out of the whole film I got about six laughs, which are not enough for 90 minutes. (Someone ought to tip off

Brooks that urination is not a never-failing subject for yoks.)

Again an English standard. As historical burlesque/satire, this picture isn't in the same universe with the Monty Python films, *The Holy Grail* and *Life of Brian*. The Python irreverence and anachronism have wit and point. *History* is just borscht-belt gag-grabbing on a big budget.

The Profession of Management

Theory Z: How American Business Can Meet the Japanese Challenge by William Ouchi

(Addison-Wesley; \$12.95)

The Art of Japanese Management by Richard T. Pascale and Anthony G. Athos

(Simon & Schuster; \$11.95)

In America, business management is a profession. It has its own graduate schools and advanced degrees; its own professional associations, conferences, and conventions; its own books, magazines, and professional newsletters; and a professional culture that distinguishes it from the general culture by language, clothing, income, and style of work.

The professional manager in America exists above the industrial din, away from the dirt, noise, and irrationality of people and products. He dresses well. His secretary is alert and helpful. His office is as clean, quiet, and subdued as that of any other professional. He plans, organizes, and controls large enterprises in a calm, logical, dispassionate, and decisive manner. He surveys computer printouts, calculates profits and losses, sells and acquires subsidiaries, and imposes systems for monitoring and motivating employees, applying a general body of rules to each special circumstance. The symbols in which he thinks and works are those of finance, law, accounting, and psychology. Finessed and massaged into ever new formulations, they yield wondrous abstractions. And because the professional manager deals in abstractions, he can move from company to company with relative ease, manipulating people and capital as he goes. Without any abiding commitment to the company, he is a master of the quick fix, yielding the sort of short-

term profits institutional investors love.

The ideal of professional management has little to do with the messy and unpredictable tasks of producing real goods or services or working with real people. This may be why the rate of American productivity has plummeted over the past decade while that of Japan—a country of the approximate size and topography of Montana, without any physical resources to speak of, and more dependent on imported oil than we are; a country with over half our population, which receives a slightly higher average wage than we do—continues to rise. Japan today has close to a trillion-and-a-quarter-dollar economy—more than half that of the United States. The Japanese do not have professional managers. Nor, for that matter, do the West Germans, whose productivity also has burgeoned over the decade. They have managers, all right, but their managers get their hands dirty. They work directly with people and machines. They come up through the ranks after spending most of their working lives with the same company, and are considered part of the production team. In America, by contrast, it is rare for a manager to spend his working life with the same company and even rarer for him to have started out on the shop floor.

Professional management is relatively new as professions go. The first

graduate school of business administration was established in America in 1908. It came in the wake of a vast 30-year wave of mergers creating the first large vertically integrated manufacturing corporations—controlled by a centralized cadre of administrators. The Administrative Management Association was founded 11 years later. Efficiency experts like Frederick Winslow Taylor, Henry L. Gantt, Frank Gilbreth, and Harrington Emerson were soon espousing progressivist notions of scientific management through which the workplace was to become a well-oiled machine and work was to be designed systematically to fit the aptitudes of workers. “Under scientific management,” wrote Taylor, “arbitrary power, arbitrary dictation ceases. . . . [T]he man at the head of business . . . is governed by rules and laws which have been developed through hundreds of experiments.”

THROUGH SCIENTIFIC management each step of production was to be reduced to its simplest components and arranged in sequence to ensure the highest level of productivity consistent with reasonable levels of quality and fatigue. Jobs were to be uniform and specialized. Discretion and skill were to be minimized. Thus the very process of production was to be removed from the province of workers. The first step of scientific management, according to Taylor, was “the gathering on the part of [management] of all knowledge which in the past has been kept in the heads of the workmen.” The solution to quality control, for example, was to be mechanical—a system of inspectors, and inspectors over inspectors, combined with random sampling. It was no longer necessary for workers to think.

By the late 1920s the American business leader had been transformed from a person whose success was ensured by the Protestant virtues of prudence, punctuality, and perseverance to one whose rise depended upon his ability to motivate and manipulate others. And the American worker was transformed into an object to be motivated and manipulated. The new bureaucratic enterprise required businessmen who could apply management techniques to large numbers of employees. Business leaders flocked to management courses in human engineering. Dale Carnegie’s first book, *Public Speaking and Influencing Men in Business* (1926), became an instant

best seller. Researchers like Elton Mayo and F. J. Ruethlisberger instructed managers about human relations. A new branch of the profession appeared called personnel management, replete with studies of industrial physiology and psychology to aid business leaders in getting the most out of their employees.

It was not until after World War II, however, that professional management came into its own. The spectacular performance of American industry during the war drew worldwide attention to American management techniques. Sir Stafford Cripps, chancellor of the exchequer in Britain’s postwar Labour government, sent teams of British businessmen to America to learn our secrets. The Marshall Plan further exported American management ideas. But only in Britain did they take firm root, perhaps because the British class structure had already drawn a sharp distinction between white- and blue-collar, and the ideal of professional

management fit neatly into this hierarchical scheme.

Even today no single word in French, German, Swedish, or Japanese conveys the general meaning of management as we know it. Indeed, the role of professional business manager is viewed with suspicion abroad, where most business administrators are trained instead in engineering or applied economics. To be sure, there are institutes of management training in Western Europe and Japan, but they exist outside the traditional educational system and are designed for mid-career executives who want specific training in particular aspects of management. They don’t give degrees. Nor do they confer professional status. In continental Europe and in Japan business administration is a vocation rather than a profession.

The founding fathers of Japanese and continental European industry—the Yataros, Zenjiros, and Krupps of the late 19th century—were succeeded by a generation of business leaders who

A FEW MORE FENCEPOSTS

A few more fenceposts and the goats
Destined to eat fruits and flowers
Won’t be eating mine.

If the rain falls hard and drowns my seedlings,
Why should I calm myself with the thought
That in this way it fulfills its nature
And finds its destined place in the scheme of things?
In the scheme of things I’m meant to be angry
As I wash the mud off leaves and prop stems.

One day I’ll be glad I’ve told myself to go on,
Though I’d have done whatever I do
Without my urging, my nature
Destined to incline that way.

I’m trying to show myself how free I am
As I sit tonight by the fire,
Cutting another patch for the screen door
That I’m destined to put my foot through.

For hours I’ve been waiting for the phone to ring.
Five calls already, but none close to the one
I’ve been hoping for. Whatever has made me choose
The missing call as the one I love
Is the power I should find a name for.
I should think about why it behaves this way,
Giving me habits that the world can’t satisfy.

This is the truth that will make me free,
If I’m destined to be free,
As I’m destined to believe I am.

Carl Dennis

ascended to management from the factory floor. They intuitively understood the importance of worker participation and job security to productivity. By and large they supported trade unionism. They accommodated a variety of schemes to ensure that workers were given responsibility for their work—codetermination on boards of directors, workers' councils, elaborate systems of consultation. And they built job security into their productive processes.

Moreover, by the time large, multidivisional corporations first appeared in these countries, government bureaucracies responsible for social welfare were already well established. Thus business leaders tended to accept the legitimacy of welfare programs, and to acknowledge the responsibility of the corporation to contribute to social welfare through the provision of some modicum of employment security. Full employment remains a national goal to which business leaders in these countries subscribe.

BY CONTRAST, our professional managers have shown little sympathy to concepts of social welfare. Perhaps this is because the rise of professional management here preceded the development of our welfare state, or because few of our managers have had direct shop-floor experience. Whatever the reason, they consistently have fought unionization and opposed job security and worker participation, and to this day they view the welfare state as sharply antithetical to productivity.

Because the ideal of professional management never took firm root in continental Europe or in Japan, there was not the sharp division of labor between the planning and execution of work which has characterized Anglo-Saxon enterprises. This bifurcated way of viewing production—separating thinkers from doers, corporate mind from corporate body, white-collar from blue-collar—has had disastrous results in America and Britain. It has spawned two distinct corporate cultures that communicate primarily through formal channels of management directives and union complaints. While US and British companies typically are concerned about the career advancement and job enrichment of their managers, they exhibit no such concern for their workers. The gap between the average blue-collar wage and top executive compensation is larger in America than in any other developed country. And blue-

collar workers in America and Britain have little access to company data. They are kept in the dark about company plans and profits.

The costs of this artificial distinction between corporate thinkers and doers are by now obvious. White-collar thinkers and planners often don't comprehend life on the production line, and in consequence their schemes are either impractical or irrelevant, either sabotaged or ignored by the work force. Meanwhile, workers who understand production and could improve it in countless ways don't give a damn. They have no institutional voice. Moreover, the insensitivity of professional managers to the everyday needs of employees has taken a severe toll. We are plagued by chronic absenteeism and work stoppages. The average number of days per year lost to industrial disputes for every one thousand employees is 1,349 in the United States and 788 in Britain, compared to 39 in Sweden, 244 in Japan, and 56 in West Germany. The quality of products made in America or Britain is widely considered to be inferior to those of continental Europe or Japan. American and British employees are notoriously suspicious of automation, mechanization, or other innovations to im-

prove productivity—and for good reason, since their jobs may be jeopardized as a result. For all these reasons American and British productivity has been increasing at a far slower pace than elsewhere. Per capita GNP in both America and Great Britain now trails that of every other major industrial country.

This is not to suggest that companies in continental Europe and Japan are models of labor-management harmony. On the contrary, Japanese labor unions annually mount a rhetorically threatening "spring offensive" against management. Swedish workers are proud of their militancy. Many French workers espouse socialist ideals. And West German labor unions periodically fulminate against their companies. The difference is that these adversarial contests take place within an institutional and political framework based on the premise of near-full employment and worker participation. Workers in these countries understand that their fates are tied to the profitability and competitiveness of their industries. They are the ultimate beneficiaries of productivity improvements. Adversarial contests are a means of reasserting this central fact. Militancy is thus highly symbolic—a period-

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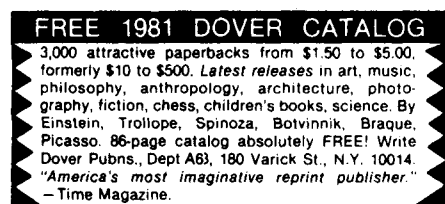
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ic ritual through which all elements of the work force reestablish their social compact. Indeed, in many of these countries white-collar employees are themselves union members who duly participate in these rites. Nothing could be further from the bitter and continuous conflicts that have long separated professional managers from workers in America and Britain.

THE FIRST STEP toward revitalizing Anglo-Saxon economies will be to break down this artificial wall separating thinkers from doers and to render the workplace truly collaborative. This will happen over the next decade because we have no choice but to make it happen if we are to sustain our economic base. The transformation will not be couched in ideological terms, but will be viewed simply as a means of increasing productivity. Our workplaces will become more equitable, secure, and democratic—notwithstanding the individualistic, social-Darwinist rhetoric of the Reagan and Thatcher administrations—because international competition will require that they be so.

The danger is that this transformation will occur later rather than sooner, by which time the road to economic renewal in America and Britain will be straight uphill. The ideology of professional management is by now so deeply embedded in Anglo-Saxon culture that our business leaders at first may seek to emulate the social reality of the Japanese or continental European workplace through the mere implementation of new management techniques. The sharp distinction between thinkers and doers will remain intact but will be camouflaged by cosmetic devices—quality circles, work groups, collaborative teams, encounter groups, meetings of all sorts and sizes—which serve to soften or blur the underlying structure of management control. Organization development specialists and consultants will swarm over the workplace advising professional managers about how to improve the “quality of working life” without fundamentally altering the organization of production.

This silliness has already begun.



Theory Z: How American Business Can Meet the Japanese Challenge, by William Ouchi, and *The Art of Japanese Management*, by Richard Pascale and Anthony Athos, are both “how to” books in the best tradition of professional management. Both exhort American business leaders to use management techniques which, they allege, will make American workers as dedicated as their Japanese counterparts. These techniques include giving workers more job security, developing non-specialized career paths for them, providing them with gradual and standardized promotions that minimize competition among workers, undertaking collective decision-making, and displaying a “holistic” concern for the welfare of workers. *Theory Z* provides managers with a step-by-step guide to implementing these techniques and includes several case histories of American firms that seem to have succeeded with them. *The Art of Japanese Management* contrasts the management style of ITT’s Harold Geneen with that of Konosuke Matsushita, head of the Matsushita Electric Company (maker of Panasonic, Quasar, and Technics products). Where Geneen was tough and confrontational—driving his employees relentlessly, firing them if they didn’t perform, and wielding almost despotic authority over ITT’s vast organization—Matsushita used his authority in far more subtle and supportive ways. ITT’s profitability dropped precipitously after Geneen’s retirement, but Matsushita continues to prosper. To the authors, the moral is clear: American managers must strive to create an atmosphere of intimacy and trust at the workplace. Rather than terrorize their employees by using techniques of fear and control, managers should obtain their loyalty and devotion by tending to their needs.

These are worthy goals. If fully implemented they surely would enhance American productivity. But they will not be fully implemented so long as the American corporation continues to be dominated by professional managers with their eyes on the bottom line. Because the authors in no way challenge the dominance of professional managers, their prescriptions are mere management techniques to achieve short-term profitability. There will be no real job security because managers cannot justify the high short-term costs of keeping workers employed during economic downturns. There will be no genuine career paths or real prospects of promotion for most blue-collar work-

ers because it is cheaper for managers to hire mid-level employees who are already trained than to train blue-collar workers for mid-level jobs. And there will be no real collective decision-making because managers cannot afford to lose control. Moreover, collective decision-making is extraordinarily time-consuming and costly in the short term. Thus while it may be profitable in the short term to make employees *feel* as though they have job security, career prospects, and direct input into company decisions, it is not immediately profitable to restructure the corporation along these lines.

SINCE THE AUTHORS studiously ignore the question of a complete reorientation of the American corporation and the financial institutions on which it relies, the issue becomes one of how business managers can create the impression of a collaborative workplace. Accordingly, when they get down to specifics the authors of both books dwell on atmospherics and attitudes. They urge managers to give their employees “meaning,” to transform the workplace from a setting in which work is merely performed to one in which employees are spiritually uplifted. Indeed, Pascale and Athos go so far as to blame our economic problems in part on our historic insistence on separating church, state, and corporation—distinctions which, they argue, have led to a highly mechanistic view of production in which employees are viewed as interchangeable units. By way of contrast they offer Matsushita, who merged these separate institutions into one. His was the first company in Japan to have a song and a code of values. Each morning 87,000 Matsushita employees together sing the song and recite the code. By these and other devices they are inspired to be zealous.

This emphasis on the atmospherics of intimacy and trust at the workplace is hardly new to professional management in America. In their attempt to stem the rising tide of trade unionism during the first decades of the century, American managers adopted “workplace cooperation” as their slogan, and devised an elaborate system of committees to represent worker interest. By 1922, 385 different companies maintained 725 plans of employee representation, which together involved 690,000 workers. Indeed, Frederick Winslow Taylor, the founder of scientific management, declared that his whole object

was to create a trusting relationship between worker and manager and thereby to "remove the cause for antagonism." By the mid-1930s the preeminent business journal, *Management Review*, was urging business leaders to give their employees "what every human being asks for in life: respect for his personality, his human dignity, an environment that he comprehends, and an assurance that he is progressing." The *Review* was adamant about the importance of collaboration: workers want to be treated "not as servants, but as cooperators. . . ."

Such trust and collaboration was of course nothing more than a means of motivating and manipulating the work force while maintaining professional control. *Theory Z* and *The Art of Japanese Management* merely extend these devices by offering techniques designed to create spiritual togetherness. One is reminded of the Amana and Oneida Utopian communities of 19th-century America that succeeded so well as commercial enterprises (making ice boxes and tableware, respectively) precisely because they had so thoroughly socialized their workers to share a single vision. Or the modern Amway and Shaklee soap and vitamin distributors, which periodically rev up their door-to-door sales forces through evangelical pep rallies. The logical ending point for psychological manipulation at the workplace is old-time religion, with professional managers as its priests. Management continues to be the applied science of short-term manipulation.

The authors' emphasis upon the spiritual side of the Japanese company is thoroughly misplaced. The religious-like devotion of Japanese workers to their companies is probably the least appealing and least transferable feature of Japanese production. Do we really want American workers to behave like the sales officer of a large Japanese company who in 1979 committed suicide after being caught in a scandal over aircraft imports from the United States? Does anyone really believe that American workers would subscribe to the sentiments he expressed in his suicide note: "[T]he company is eternal. . . . I must be brave and act as a man to protect that eternal life"?

PPOTENTIALLY far more important and relevant to the American workplace is the Japanese organization of production, and the political and social context in which it exists—issues upon

which the authors barely touch. Japanese workers enjoy a far higher degree of equity, job security, and responsibility than their American counterparts—and these features are real, not cosmetic. In Japan, unlike in the United States, the risk of severe economic downturns is borne by shareholders rather than by employees. Employees are not laid off when sales decline because the company's major shareholders—banks and other companies with whom it does business—come to its aid. And its most senior managers take substantial cuts in pay rather than allow lower-level workers to bear a financial burden. One has only to compare how Mazda handled its huge deficit in the early 1970s—cutting the pay of senior managers by 20 percent, freezing the pay of middle-level managers, but maintaining cost-of-living increases for its lower-level workers and keeping them all employed—with Chrysler's recent decision to lay off 28 percent of its blue-collar work force, but fire only seven percent of its middle-level managers and cut its white-collar salaries by an average of only five percent. Is it any wonder that Mazda's work force was committed to restoring the company to competitive health? Can we expect the same enthusiasm from Chrysler's workers?

MOREOVER, Japanese managers ascend the same company ladder as do all other employees; their training begins on the factory floor. A Japanese worker can look forward to becoming a sub-section head or a section head in a few years, and with enough diligence may one day become a company director. Indeed, the directors of most Japanese companies come from the ranks of employees, after having worked their way up through the company for 20 or 30 years. Such directors are naturally more likely to identify with the interests of the employees with whom they've worked for decades than with shareholders. They are apt to encourage consultation with employees and to minimize distinctions between labor and management. They are apt to take the long view—investing in their employees' training, career advancement, and long-term welfare.

In sum, the Japanese company exists primarily for its employees rather than for its senior managers or shareholders. It seeks to adapt itself to employee needs. In Japan one repeatedly hears the phrase "the enterprise and its em-

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ployees share a common destiny." By contrast, American managers try to adapt their employees to the organization, and the organization exists primarily to satisfy the short-term needs of its shareholders and its senior managers. Notwithstanding the quality circles and teams that are now all the rage in American factories, this most basic fact of corporate life is not lost on American workers.

This fact is ironic, of course, because American workers are coming to own more and more of American industry. The growth in employee pension plans over the past 20 years has been no less extraordinary—now totaling over \$550 billion, or 27 percent of our GNP. AT&T's pension fund alone is up to \$31 billion. Indeed, pension funds are now America's largest single source of investment. They deserve most of the credit for increases in stock market values since 1978. While individual investors have dumped over \$20 billion worth of stock since then, pension funds have increased their equity holdings by a greater amount. Add to this the group health and life insurance funds of which American workers are the beneficiaries and you have a sizable chunk of all investment in American enterprise. Accordingly, it is becoming technically accurate to say that American companies do in fact exist primarily for their employees. But because the lines of responsibility from company to employee are so attenuated—through a maze of plans, trustees, institutional investors, and stock portfolios—most employees don't feel as if their companies exist for them, and American companies don't act as if they do.

Moral exhortation, evangelical pep rallies, and quality circles are no substitutes for the identity of interest between labor and management that occurs within an organization existing primarily and directly for its employees. American managers who try various techniques of psychological manipulation may be successful in the short run, as was Elton Mayo in his famous Hawthorne experiments. But manipulation has no staying power. Workers are not stupid, nor are managers omnipotent. Psychological manipulation invariably breaks down over the long term, resulting in more distrust and higher levels of adversarial combat.

We need fewer books that seek to make professional managers into better manipulators. Perhaps we need fewer professional managers. Instead, we need

men and women who understand intimately the nature of work and the processes of production, and who therefore can provide practical and effective leadership. And we need productive organizations that unequivocally exist for the benefit of those who work within them.

There is no art to Japanese management. There is no mystery about how to meet the Japanese challenge. While there is much about the Japanese company that we would find abhorrent if

transplanted here, there is also much that we can learn from the Japanese about the effective organization of production. Put most simply, we can learn that people are motivated to be productive not because they are well manipulated, but because they have a direct stake in future productivity.

Robert B. Reich

Robert B. Reich is director of policy planning at the Federal Trade Commission.

The Role of an Officer Class

The History of American Wars from 1745 to 1918

by T. Harry Williams

(Knopf; \$20)

The fly in the ointment of European-American intercourse, some wiseacre has it, is the irrepressible need felt by every returned traveler from the western shores to explain the new civilization to his fellow continentals. That it is new is scarcely denied. But from what derives the newness? The revolution is not explanation enough. Europe has had revolutions by the wagonload, and after every seismic blip, the strata of class and the superstructure of authority have settled back, king, queen, or knave uppermost, with a slickness that suggests that the hand of history is a cardsharp's. What then is the source of the novelty? Space? Wealth? Federalism? Weak neighbors? The oceans? All of these, no doubt. But as a function of them, and to add a little rigor, how about the absence of an officer class?

No European state is without such a class or the means to renew it eternally by birth, selection, and training. Come war, its members and their siblings spring uniformed and ready-armed from every nook and corner of the countryside. *Sofort, Herr Oberst! Sur le champ, mon commandant!* Of course, colonel! Come peace, the warriors merge back into the landscape, resuming residence in whatever smaller version of a landowner's seat satisfies their sense of station—glebe house, grange, *petit château*, mini-Schloss. From these tiny centers of influence their occupants exert a social authority quite out of proportion to their numbers. It is waning now. But the two World Wars of this century,

which habituated the European population to military discipline over three generations, ensured that the holders of rank—at least in the countryside, their natural habitat, and in the smaller towns—automatically collected the deference of those who had been sergeants, corporals, privates. That meant almost the whole fit male population. And deference brought with it appointment to a whole range of positions, official and voluntary, which in America are naturally regarded as elective. School boards, parish councils, charities, the magistracy, the delegated organs of government—which of these, in most Western European countries over most of this century, has not had its ballast of retired majors and colonels to whom the majority have turned for guidance when questions of form, propriety, procedure, and regard for the due order of things were at issue?

In preceding centuries, the status and authority of the officer class were even more crucial, indeed of central political importance. Modern states owed their rise, in one sense, to the subordination of a host of semi-autonomous military leaders to sovereign rule. Small landholders with men at call on the one hand, and military proprietors with mercenaries under contract on the other, all had to be bought, bribed, or literally beaten into obedience. It was done early in England, late in France, later still in the German-speaking lands. And even when it was done, the officers demanded their due, which generally

meant autonomous control of entry into the corps and entrenched protection of their sources of income, social position, and political susceptibilities.

The French Revolution was in a real way a revolt against the exclusiveness and unbearable pretensions of the monarchy's officers, a class of petty nobility which both represented and guaranteed the immobility of the system. The failure of the Wilhelminian empire in Germany to institute truly representative government, which spelled an end to monarchy when crisis struck it, derived from the opposition of the Junkers to what they regarded as an affront to their position and privileges. The British blurred the issue by exporting their officer class to the colonies, but at the cost of resentments and disorientation when the empire collapsed. British society is still in the throes of working these out. The Spanish, saddled with an enormous, underpaid, underemployed military bourgeoisie, may yet have their final crisis in the relationship ahead of them.

FROM WHAT DERIVES the essential tension in that relationship? It is obviously inherent in a conflict of values—debate versus authority, discipline versus law. But at a deeper level perhaps it derives from forms and structures of which those values are an expression. For the primary unit of military organization—the regiment—is not, as it may appear to civilian eyes, simply a functional instrument of force. It is, in fact, a survival (which one would call fossilized if it were not so dynamic) of an archaic social system completely antithetical to those that dominate the rest of life in a modern Western state. The regiment—a word cognate with “government,” and for good reasons—provides us with a model of what government was like before parliaments and independent judiciaries moderated its arbitrary character. Essentially a household in the monarchical sense, it is characterized by the rigidity of its hierarchy and the autonomy of that hierarchy's legal powers. Officers are magistrates, exercising the powers of imprisonment and, in wartime, of capital punishment. Governments today monitor the exercise of those powers. But it is a brave soldier, nonetheless, who bucks the rules of the household, while bucking them *en masse* is, of course, simply called mutiny. The age-old coexistence of military and civilian structures in Europe, the size of the military

establishment, the frequency with which it has plucked the citizen from comfortable civilian life to do duty within it, the implantation of a large officer class in the general society all therefore have served to compromise that confidence the individual is supposed to feel in his legal and political rights, a confidence which in America he takes absolutely for granted. The success of *The Caine Mutiny*, as book, film, and play, demonstrates a capacity in Americans to be shocked by the conflict between the disciplinary and the representative principle which Europeans ruefully disown.

THE DIFFERENCE in attitude is admirably borne out by T. Harry Williams's *History of American Wars* (regrettably the last of a series of splendid books from his pen, for this is a posthumous publication). For a peace-loving people, the Americans are remarkably bellicose. The Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the thousand actions of the Indian wars, the Spanish War, the two World Wars, Korea, Vietnam: the total number of battles in 200 years is large. But the extraordinary thing is that almost all have been fought without trained leadership. The minuscule size of American armies continues to amaze. The years since World War II apart, the United States has rarely maintained a peacetime force of more than 100,000. During the 19th century 20,000 was nearer the mark. At the outbreak of the 1812 conflict, when the population already stood at seven million, the regular army was only 11,000. In 1898, when population had reached 75 million, the army had little more than doubled. Between the two World Wars it was still under 200,000. By then it was assured of a steady supply of splendidly trained officers from West Point. But the academy's annual output, even so, was only 500 a year and the balance had to be made up from the ROTC. In earlier times when emergency struck, the army had had to find officers where it could. Between 1803 and 1812 the academy produced only 89 officers, a number insufficient to encadre the force raised for the second war with the British. In the first, George Washington had commissioned almost anyone who looked suitable, and many who weren't. At Valley Forge one of his captains was found shaving his soldiers because in civil life he was a barber.

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companies, American armies won. Most important of all, the Federal American army won the Civil War. For in so doing it broke the power of the one region of the United States dominated by elements akin to the officer class of the old European states. Statistics argued that the Confederacy should have been trounced at birth; in military logic, five million whites could not hope to make a match with 24 million. That the Confederacy performed as spectacularly as it did between 1861 and 1863 was almost exclusively a function of the fact that it had a large subaltern cadre ready to hand. The defection of officers from the Federal service, though it provided generals, was of secondary importance. It was the Virginia Military Institute, the Charleston Citadel, the Hampton Legion, the Palmetto Guard, and the host of other small officer-forming entities maintained by the south before 1861 that provided the battle-winning leadership of the first two years. The north had nothing to match it. But the north also lacked the household structure that trained young men to ride the boundaries of the estate, oversee the peasantry, defer to father's neighbors, and wait for the succession to the property. Those in the north already had begun to go west, or look for work in the shadow of the factory chimney, where it was every man for himself.

Appomattox was therefore a double victory, social as well as political. It settled the constitutional issue, and with it that of slavery. But it also destroyed the class that threatened to entrench European forms in the American system. The household has not died in Europe. In the states that preserve monarchies, it continues to provide an alternative to the elective model, a legitimacy to a host of appointive institutions which in America would be elective, and the warmth of spurious intimacy to a class of officeholders who feel their fate bound up with it. In many of those states in which monarchy has disappeared, the image of the household still casts its shadow. And nowhere more sharply than in France, home of revolutions but also of a thousand antique corporations, civilian and military, which owe their origins to royal decree and still breathe its vanished patronage and arbitrary spirit.

Only in Germany, which has set itself to learn democracy from the ground up, have things really changed. And nowhere more critically than in its new army, in which the rule of law, the

principle of representation, and the right of appeal operate as freely as in the rest of its reborn society. Perhaps in time the Germans will come to learn those Americans habits so strange to Europeans, the building of houses without doors to their living rooms and without fences between the gardens of neighbors. Doors and fences are the mark of the household, delineating the territory of master and servant, reinforcing the boundary between one social world and another. America's decision to live in public, to treat neighbors as equals, to regard no one's private

house as the dependency of a court, or to grant to its occupant the deference due to a representative of the state, are proof of its choice to be ruled by law and not by authority. It makes its social and physical geography equally strange to the European visitor. But it is the clue to the real difference between the old world and the new.

John Keegan

*John Keegan teaches at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and is the author of *The Face of Battle* (Viking).*

Robed Rivalry

The Enigma of Felix Frankfurter

by H. N. Hirsch

(Basic Books; \$14.95)

Independent Journey: The Life of William O. Douglas

by James F. Simon

(Harper & Row; \$16.95)

It is an interesting coincidence that biographies of Felix Frankfurter and William O. Douglas have appeared at about the same time. Mr. Simon's biography of Douglas approaches the authoritative; Professor Hirsch's life of Frankfurter approaches the trendy. But each contains a wealth of material on its subject, some of it new, and the two judges naturally invite comparison. Both aspired to dominate the Supreme Court of their day (and it was a long day, for Frankfurter served from 1939 to 1962, and Douglas from 1939 to 1975). Neither succeeded (although Frankfurter came close at times), for such powerful lawyers as Charles Evans Hughes, Owen Roberts, Hugo L. Black, and Robert H. Jackson were not to be dominated by anyone. But each served as the center of one of two widely different factions on the Court and as the symbol of one of two widely differing judicial philosophies. The detestation they came to feel for each other approached paranoia and probably surpassed anything seen in the previous or subsequent history of the Court. Douglas called Frankfurter "divisive" and "Machiavellian" and made many jokes, none good-natured and none very funny, at his

expense; Frankfurter described Douglas as "the most cynical, shamelessly immoral character I've ever known."

As might be expected, they had many characteristics in common. Both had first-rate intellects, though Frankfurter was the more learned of the two, particularly in constitutional law and the history of the Supreme Court. (When Frankfurter arrived on the Court, he bore a certain resemblance to the Junker general of the Second Reich who had pored over the map of northern France for a quarter century.) Each perceived himself as standing outside the establishment, Frankfurter because he was a Jew, born in Austria, Douglas because he was the son of an impecunious parson and had been brought up on what he later thought of as the wrong side of the Northern Pacific tracks in Yakima, Washington. Both compensated by developing enormous egos, larger-than-life self-images, although Frankfurter really was almost as good as he thought he was. Both bitterly resented, and took as a personal affront, any sort of criticism. Both were inordinately ambitious, climbers and careerists, and both were skilled in the arts of personal advancement. Neither had any compunction

about the free use of flattery, or even sycophancy, where powerful people (particularly Franklin D. Roosevelt) were concerned. Frankfurter was probably the greater master of the art. Of him it might be said, as Macaulay said of Voltaire, "His sweetest confectionary had always a delicate, yet stimulating, flavour, which was delightful to palates wearied by the coarse preparations of inferior artists. It was only from his hand that so much sugar could be swallowed without making the swallower sick."

PERHAPS Frankfurter's flattery owed its quality to the fact that it was often sincere (as in the cases of Holmes and Brandeis) and sometimes even disinterested, based simply on a generous, warmhearted desire to make the recipient feel good. I have personal knowledge of one case in which Frankfurter sent delightfully flattering handwritten notes to a much younger man, not even a former law clerk or student, whose good or ill will could not possibly have mattered to the justice. Doubtless there were many similar examples. Nobody ever accused Douglas of any sort of kindness or generosity. It is significant that Frankfurter's clerks, so far as I know without exception, regarded him as a father or well-loved uncle. He staffed the New Deal with his favorite students and clerks, his "happy hot dogs"—to name only a few, Dean Acheson, James M. Landis, Paul Freund, Alger Hiss (unfortunately), and Thomas G. Corcoran ("Tommy the Cork," who was also a pet of FDR, fell out with Frankfurter in 1941 and has hardly been heard of since). None of Douglas's clerks loved him, nor did he do much for them.

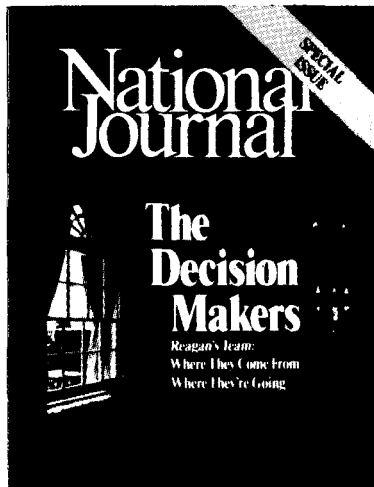
Judging by their younger days, no one would have foreseen Frankfurter's reputation (not wholly deserved) as a conservative or Douglas's as the great liberal. Frankfurter was fairly indifferent to money (and died poor); he looked down on talented lawyers (such as John W. Davis) who preferred great fees from corporate clients to public service, though he had some good friends on Wall Street. Douglas worked for Cravath Swaine & Moore, the archetypically Wall Street firm, for a couple of years in the mid-1920s; he left, not because he didn't like the giant corporate clients or the pay, but because he found the practice dull and the hours long. There was nothing in Frankfurter's life like the scandal caused by Doug-

las's receipt, while he was on the Court, of a substantial salary from the Parvin Foundation, created by a man whose business associations were dubious at best.

Frankfurter, unlike Douglas, had a reputation as a liberal, even (wrongly) as a radical, long before his appointment to the Court. He started as a Theodore Roosevelt progressive and later supported both Woodrow Wilson and Robert LaFollette. He consistently favored reform legislation, notably statutes intended to improve the conditions of labor, and he was a vigorous defender of unpopular radicals, such as Tom Mooney or Sacco and Vanzetti, who he thought had been convicted of crime without due process of law. Douglas, though he was an enthusiastic supporter of the New Deal statutes enacted to reform the securities industry, did nothing to gain a reputation as a flaming left-liberal until some years after he was appointed to the Court and began to see the levers of power and the "bully pulpit" at his disposal.

The great difference between the two men, and the source of the cleavage between them, lay in their differing views of the role of the Supreme Court

in the national polity. Frankfurter had started his career when the Court was regularly striking down liberal reform legislation that ran counter to the personal economic views of a majority—for example, *Lochner v. New York*, which held unconstitutional a statute limiting the hours employers could require of bakery workers, despite the caustic dissenting comment of Justice Holmes, who said, "The 14th Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics." Frankfurter himself argued and lost a similar case, involving a minimum wage statute, *Adkins v. Children's Hospital*. He was therefore a believer in judicial self-restraint in overturning the judgment of the elected representatives of the people, and he carried this philosophy on to the Court. Within a year he wrote the majority opinion in *Minersville School District v. Gubitis*, in which the Court held that a state could constitutionally require schoolchildren who were Jehovah's Witnesses to salute the flag. He lost his reputation as a liberal on the spot. When the Court reversed its decision a couple of years later in *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnett* (Douglas, of course, being in the majority), Frankfurter stuck



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to his guns and wrote the dissent.

By and large he stuck to them for the rest of his career on the Court. All judges, like all other men, sometimes let their prejudices rule their reason, and Frankfurter did not always base his decisions on the intentions of those who drafted the Constitution and on precedent. He came to construe the Constitution more strictly where restrictions on personal liberty rather than economic liberty were involved, though there is no evidence whatever that Hamilton, Madison, and the others intended the Constitution to protect more than property rights—and property is, in fact, enormously important to most people. But Frankfurter came closer than most to putting aside his own predilections in interpreting the Constitution. His last major opinion, his dissent in *Baker v. Carr*, was that the Court should not, in the name of the Constitution, order a state to reform the allocation of seats in its legislature in such a way as to give urban and rural voters approximately equal representation—a result he almost surely would not have reached had he been a legislator instead of a judge.

DOUGLAS was the leader and the most consistent member of the faction that favored “result-oriented” jurisprudence—that is, the process of deciding first what result is dictated by the judge’s personal views on good morals and public policy and only then looking for reasons to support that conclusion. Sometimes Douglas hardly bothered to look for reasons, which led to some of the most slipshod, implausible, and downright silly opinions in the history of the Court. Some are so bad that they embarrass even his disciples, true believers in his left-liberal politics. They embarrass, for example, Professor Ronald Dworkin, the eminent legal philosopher and constitutional lawyer, who shares Douglas’s political opinions and his belief that results are more important than reasons.

Douglas was certainly capable of writing better opinions. In the very difficult area of corporate reorganization in bankruptcy, where he actually understood the subject and had no strong prejudices and where his public image as the great liberal was not involved, he wrote opinions that displayed complete mastery of very complex facts and close, persuasive reasoning. Why did he not produce something like this to lend a counterfeit plausibility to his biases?



Felix Frankfurter and William O. Douglas by David Schorr for *The New Republic*

Instead he produced such rubbish as his concurrence in *United States v. Seeger*. In that decision he joined in the Court’s vast expansion of Congress’s power to exempt from the draft those whose objection to war was based on their belief in a “Supreme Being.” Douglas used lengthy extracts from the *Rig-Veda* to show that by Supreme Being Congress meant “the cosmos as well as an anthropomorphic entity.” Sometimes he talked about “penumbras” and “emanations” of the actual provisions of the Bill of Rights.

I am inclined to blame such dreadful compositions on a combination of arrogance and laziness. Professor Dworkin, in a curious review of James F. Simon’s book in the *New York Review of Books*, suggests that the real trouble was Douglas’s failure to adopt frankly Professor Dworkin’s own philosophy, which in essence is that, under natural law, there are natural rights (apparently amounting to whatever opinions are held by Professor Dworkin himself) that rise above not only precedent but the Constitution itself, and that it is the duty of the Supreme Court (presumably after ascertaining the views of Professor Dworkin) to enforce those rights. In a nutshell, the Court should occupy the

position of the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini under the constitution of the Islamic republic of Iran. This is assuredly not what the framers of the Constitution or John Marshall had in mind. Worse, it suffers from inherent structural defects. What are we to do if the ideas of the justices are closer to those that prevailed in the days of *Lochner* and *Adkins* than to those of Professor Dworkin? Every argument for, say, the abortion cases is also an argument for the older cases and even for the opinion of Chief Justice Roger Taney, a pro-slavery man, in *Dred Scott v. Sandford*. (Moreover, it is hard to take very seriously the pretensions to constitutional scholarship of a man who, so help me God, in the same review attributes to Charles Evans Hughes the most famous dictum of John Marshall: “We must never forget that it is a *constitution* we are expounding.”) Still, Douglas would have seemed more honest and straightforward, if not more rational, if he had invoked frankly the Dworkin philosophy or something like it.

But if Frankfurter was the better man and the better judge, Douglas has the better biographer. Professor Hirsch’s book, though occasionally well written and perceptive, is sauced

with and marred by psychobaloney. Frankfurter was not really an enigma. One does not have to pore over the works of Erik Erikson and Karen Horney to know that Frankfurter found it necessary to create a flattering self-image. Most people do, and live up to it with varying degrees of success. Nor does it take a doctorate in psychology to realize that among the causes of Frankfurter's vanity and his hypersensitivity to criticism was the fact that he had (or thought he had) to compensate for being short (5' 4") and for not being, by right of birth, a member of the exalted circles in which he moved. To understand this is merely common sense, a piece of folk wisdom. Mr. Simon's book is nearly free of such jargon, besides being far more comprehensive.

Both authors (and their editors) are guilty of sporadic carelessness: Hirsch consistently misspells "siege," and Si-

mon consistently misspells the surname of the late dean of the Yale Law School, Wesley A. Sturges. Both authors seem inclined to left-liberalism, but Simon is on the whole more objective about his subject. Hirsch thinks Frankfurter failed because he broke away from the liberalism of his younger days. Though Simon concludes, in a burst of uncharacteristically purple rhetoric, that Douglas was "a heroic symbol of the human spirit, offering an unwavering belief that the power and dignity of the individual could make the nation and the world a better place," he does not flinch from conceding "Douglas's vanity, pettiness, irascibility, even his bouts of meanness. . . ."

Joseph W. Bishop Jr.

Joseph W. Bishop Jr. is Richard Ely Professor of Law at Yale Law School.

Home at the Senate

Javits: The Autobiography of a Public Man
by Senator Jacob K. Javits with Rafael Steinberg

(Houghton Mifflin; \$16.95)

When Jacob Javits first ran for Congress in 1946, the New York Republican organization made sure that he had no opposition in the party primary. For his next eight campaigns—three more races for the House of Representatives, one for state attorney general, and four for the United States Senate, all of which he won—the Republicans obliged him in the same way. In most cases, through the years, Javits's Democratic opponent would go into the general election campaign exhausted from one of the fratricidal primary fights that have become the trademark of New York Democrats. In 1946 there were three candidates for the Democratic nomination in Javits's upper Manhattan district. Javits explains in his autobiography that he delayed the start of his campaign until after the primary day because "I did not want to distract the voters from the spectacle of the rivals for the Democratic nomination cutting each other up." In that year's general election, Javits was lucky in another respect. One of the losers for the Democratic nomination remained

in the race as the candidate of the American Labor party. Although Javits got only 46 percent of the vote that November, the fact that his opponents' totals split gave him the victory.

Thirty-four years later, in Javits's last campaign, four Democratic contenders made a spectacle of themselves as usual, cutting each other up in the primary, but the Democratic catcalls were nearly drowned out by the noise from the Republican side. In 1980, for the first time in Javits's political life, delegates at a state Republican convention gave his challenger enough votes to put him automatically on the primary ballot. The former senator agrees with those who insist that had Javits's old ally, Nelson Rockefeller, been alive, he never would have allowed it. Before he won a place on the Republican ballot, the challenger, Alfonse D'Amato, then the little-known presiding supervisor of the Long Island town of Hempstead, had secured the support of two other state parties with their own ballot lines, the Right to Life and Conservative parties, as well as the backing of that powerful non-party,

the National Rifle Association. Javits, whose brand of liberal Republicanism was anathema to all of those groups, would turn 76 early in the campaign. When he announced, in February 1980, that he was running for a fifth Senate term in spite of his age, he also explained that he suffered from a motor neuron disease, which affected his physical agility though not his mental faculties, as D'Amato's attacks would force him to keep saying defensively throughout the primary race. Javits notes with bitterness that his Republican opponent referred to his age and physical frailties at every opportunity, saying to a reporter at one point, "You take a look at the guy, and you tell me if he'll last six more years."

After D'Amato, who turned out to represent the wave of the Republican future—and, for the moment, it seems, that of the nation—defeated Javits in the primary, the senator stayed in the race, running on the ticket of the Liberal party, a spinoff of the old American Labor party. Yet he must have guessed what the outcome might be this time: the liberal vote (and, in ethnically oriented New York, probably also the Jewish vote) would be split between him and the Democratic nominee, Brooklyn representative Elizabeth Holtzman, giving the victory to D'Amato, who stood for so much that Javits feared and detested in politics. Javits does not mention that his last race was, in a sense, a reprise of his first campaign. The newcomer, D'Amato, won it with 45 percent of the vote, the other 55 being divided between Javits and the Democratic candidate. Holtzman lost by less than one and one-half percent of the vote. Seven months after the election, the Reagan administration came up with a part-time post for Javits as special adviser to the secretary of State as a reward for the one last favor he did his party: helping to enlarge the Republican margin in the Senate from a snug four votes to a more comfortable six.

JAVITS'S DEFEAT in the 1980 senatorial race was especially unsettling to his admirers because of the impression many had that politics was his whole life and that this was the way it always had been. It seems only appropriate that the subtitle of his personal history is "The Autobiography of a Public Man." It is a surprise to discover that, except for a role in the 1945 campaign of the Republican candidate for mayor of New York, Javits's congressional race

in 1946 was first active involvement in politics—and that, at the time, he was 42 years old. For nearly two decades he had been a practicing lawyer, specializing in minority stockholder suits. When he returned to civilian life after World War II, in which he served as a staff officer in the Chemical Warfare Division, he debated between taking a job as public relations adviser to the head of General Electric and running for office. Finally, he chose the latter. After his election to Congress, however, politics did become his whole life. In his account of the days, nights, and weekends he devoted to his official duties, Javits makes it clear that his wife, Marian, whom he married in 1947, was so tangential to the Washington world that absorbed him that she had no alternative but to make a life of her own in New York. The three children of the marriage, now grown, are faceless figures in his autobiography, mentioned only in passing. Home is where the heart is, and one of Javits's chapters begins with the line, "For twenty-four years the United States Senate was my home."

The book's title page lists Javits as the

author "with Rafael Steinberg," who is identified as a former correspondent for *Time* and *Newsweek*. The story of a janitor's son from the Lower East Side who grew up to be rich and powerful and who, as a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, moved about the world consulting with presidents and kings, has dramatic elements that some collaborators might have hoked up with exclamation points. The autobiography's style and tone, however, are undiluted Javits: measured, intelligent, self-important, humorless, and in command of more detail than many readers will care to follow. A report of the Javits years in Washington—beginning soon after the departure of Franklin Roosevelt and ending just before the arrival of Ronald Reagan—could have been fascinating and valuable. What he offers is a seemingly endless series of legislative confrontations in which he recalls himself as having played the crucial role. Possibly his intention was to counter D'Amato's frequent challenge to campaign crowds: if Javits was so important, he would demand of them, could anyone name one bill with Javits's name on it?

Whether or not the bills reported on in the book finally carried his name, the former New York senator presents himself in chapter after chapter as having acted as the voice of reason, set things right, turned the legislative tide. ("I felt this was the wrong way to go about it. 'May I suggest to you gentlemen' . . .")

In his determination to establish his record as a statesman, Javits presents the Senate, that clubhouse of so many natural vaudevillians, as a curiously colorless world, inhabited by politicians whose only characteristic worth noting was whether they voted for or against Javits's side on an issue. In his version of things, he is part of the Senate's inner circle; yet its members, according to most Congress-watchers, regarded him to the end as an outsider. And as chapter follows chapter, it becomes clear that, despite Javits's treasured reputation for political independence, in matters where there was a risk of seriously upsetting the Republican leadership, he tended to weigh in late or not at all. The New York Republican senator who, in distress over the Watergate revelations, called for Richard Nixon's resignation in the spring of 1974 was not Javits but the conservative James Buckley. Javits never did suggest that Nixon resign, explaining in the book that this would have constituted "prejudging the issue."

DESPITE SUCH CAVILS, Javits's long record of service is generally responsible and benign and one that many New Yorkers now look back on with nostalgia as they keep an uneasy watch on his successor, Mr. D'Amato. Javits, after all, is not the first veteran officeholder to be overcome by the delusion that it would be selfish of him to leave gracefully and thus force his constituents to do without him. Javits explains in his book that he decided to run for reelection, disregarding his age and illness, because, having reviewed the international crisis that faced his country, he saw that he must do so as a matter of "duty and conscience." Two days before the November election, when it was evident to everyone else that the campaign's immense cost in money, in the depletion of his energies, and in personal humiliation had been in vain, he addressed voters at a Brooklyn rally, calling on them in an impassioned voice to render "justice." According to his custom, the expression of intense feeling came in connection with politics. From time to time in his autobiography,

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Javits uses the word "joy," but it is virtually always a response to some political event. He refers, for example, to "the almost unbearable joy" of being nominated to the Senate for the first time. In the late spring of 1980, however, Martin Tolchin of the *New York Times* put to Javits his reporter's boilerplate question, "What is important in life?" The senator, so famous for having shut out of his life almost everything that would distract him from his official duties, answered without hesitation: "Love."

When Javits returned to Washington after his defeat last November, many of his fellow senators hurried forward to express their sympathy and to embrace him. One of the first to do so was a

southern senator who had once told him during a committee debate, "I don't like you—or your kind." Later, the Senate gave a reception in Javits's honor at which, reporters pointed out, no member of his family was on hand, as usual. Howard Baker of Tennessee hailed him as "the soul of the Senate." Other colleagues spoke of how much they admired him and would miss him. This public display of affection was touching (Javits was seen wiping away a tear), cost nothing, and came, of course, too late.

Andy Logan

Andy Logan writes the "Around City Hall" column for the *New Yorker*.

Tales From Israel

Where the Jackals Howl and Other Stories

by Amos Oz

Translated by Nicholas de Lange and Philip Simpson

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$12.95)

To create good literature in a country as new as Israel is practically impossible. This is not my contention. It comes from Amos Oz, the best of Israel's native-born writers. In a talk given in 1972 and later published as "In the Light of the Midday Sun," Oz maintained that good literature rarely arises out of a society in the making. There is too much happening, he said. The light is too strong. Everything seems like an old black-and-white movie; the contrast is too stark and the speed too fast, so that the figures jerk in a confusion of hysteria, grotesqueness, and parodied vivacity. There are, he argued, no shadows to create the depths in which ghosts and demons rove through the human psyche.

Yet he already had proven himself wrong. His novel *My Michael*, published in 1968, was a brilliant and evocative portrait of a woman slowly giving way to schizoid withdrawal. In the foreground were the rain and stones and thorns of Jerusalem in the 1950s; in the background, the battles of the Sinai campaign. It was a superb achievement, and in the opinion of many the best novel to come out of Israel to date. It was, moreover, an immense improvement over his previous novel *Elsewhere*

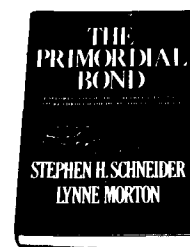
Perhaps, published only two years earlier. In the first novel, the symbolism did indeed seem too obvious; the midday sun was too strong, and it bleached out the realm in which images and words reverberate. To say that 1967 appears to be the year of change for Oz is to reach too obviously for the political significance of that year—the year when a major shift in idealism was crystallized by Israel's occupation of Arab territories in the Six Day War and its consequent decision to settle those territories, a decision that Oz consistently has criticized. But certainly, Oz's work since that date has had a maturity and brilliance prefigured but as yet unachieved in his earlier work, as though the new complexity of Israel's political situation were mirrored in his own grasp of human depth and complexity.

Most of the stories in this collection were written in 1962, when Oz was in his early 20s. To someone unacquainted with *My Michael* or with the later stories, particularly those in *The Hill of Evil Counsel*, they are a fascinating introduction to an excellent writer. But to those who expect the later Oz, they will for the most part be a disappointment. They foreshadow much of his later work in theme, in imagery, and particu-

larly in the evocative use of climate and landscape. But they suffer from the light of the midday sun. They seek the shadows too obviously, and too often cast none.

Oz knew what he was talking about a decade later. These early characters are indeed sometimes grotesque, their emotions too crude, their tales too obviously biblical in intensity. In the title story, as a jackal cub resigns itself to death in a trap, a founding member of a kibbutz rapes a young woman, then tells her that he is her natural father. In "The Way of the Wind" an inhumanly ideological father abandons his son in disgust when the son fails to show the courage his father expects of him—and the son kills himself rather than live with the shame of it. In "Strange Fire," a woman tries to seduce her prospective son-in-law; she reveals that his father was also the father of her daughter, and now she seeks in him that same brief flame that she found in his father a generation before.

They are savage and ruthless emotional beings, this founding generation, playing out their lust and bitterness on the flesh of their children. One longs



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for some subtlety in them, some sense of identity in their offspring. But the writer was still young, and could allow none.

There is one story, however, in which this theme works superbly: the longest and most recent one, "Upon this Evil Earth," written in 1966 and extensively rewritten nine years later. It is the story of Jephthah, the warrior judge of the desert who figures in chapter 11 of the biblical book of Judges, and who swore that he would sacrifice the first thing to greet him on his return home if he were given victory over the Ammonites. The first thing to greet him was his only child, a daughter, and he sacrificed her.

OZ TELLS THE STORY in the style of the desert: first the tale in brief, taking it for granted that everyone knows the bare bones of it but introducing it in any case as a matter of form and graciousness; and then the whole story, from before the beginning to the very end, told at length with a luxurious feeling for detail even in the sparse desert lives of its protagonists. And Oz adds one particularly terrifying detail to the original tale: the daughter hears her father make his oath, and purposely comes out of the house to be the first to greet him, wearing a bridal gown. Thus, she forces him to kill her, ensuring that no other man will ever be able to claim her. It is a grand and chilling tale, magically told, and makes one long to see Oz take more of the old legends and imbue them with the complex shadows of humanity.

Another Oz theme in these stories is the complex of Jewish emotions about Arabs. Oz's portrayal of this ambivalent attitude created a furor in Israel when *My Michael* was published, because in it the heroine has sexual fantasies about the Arab twins with whom she played as a child and who are now grown, in her mind, into terrorists. In the earlier story "Nomad and Viper," included here, a woman fantasizes about a Bedouin encountered in the

kibbutz orchard, the fantasies moving from rape to seduction as hate and a vision of possible peace flow through her mind. It is a cruel, contorted vision of sexuality, set against a background of violence, in which the kibbutz men set out armed to teach the Bedouin a lesson, to stop the nomads from raiding their orchards and stealing from the kibbutz. But the story as a whole is a vivid and accurate portrayal of the conflict between the Jewish settlements and the Bedouin, a conflict still being played out today, 20 years later.

All the stories in this collection are powerful, in the way that the midday sun is powerful. But if you find yourself looking for the shade, for a cooler place from which to look at the emotional struggles of a country in the making, then you must go to *My Michael* and the stories written after it.

Lesley Hazleton

Lesley Hazleton's book *Where Mountains Roar: A Personal Report From the Sinai and Negev Deserts* will be issued in softcover by Penguin in August.

Brief Review

Those Drinking Days: Myself and Other Writers by Donald Newlove

(Horizon Press; \$9.95)

"Insult to the brain." These words, taken from the autopsy report on Dylan Thomas, catch with felicitous precision the peculiar variety of self-destruction in which alcoholic writers indulge. Alcohol directly attacks the source of their creativity, much as if a painter were to pluck out his eyes or a dancer to mutilate his feet. Still, as Donald Newlove's harrowingly specific account of his years as an alcoholic writer makes clear, the writer tends to think of liquor as a muse—Mr. Newlove called his "Drunk-speare"—which will release, not destroy, his gift. It is as if a composer were to drive nails through his ears and then laud the nails as the instruments of his inspiration.

In his drinking days, John Cheever has said, even as little as a sip of sherry would show up in his sentences, so he never drank while he was writing.

Donald Newlove, however, who has been a practicing if impecunious novelist for 25 years, used to water his genius with liberal levies of California red. As he remarks about the writing of one 500-page novel, "That pile of chiseled, time-defying pages excused any manner of energizing that got the work done. Energizing was my fresh word for wine."

Mr. Newlove's whole past made it inevitable that he should embrace this delusion, for he was born into drink as luckier souls are born into money. His father died of drink-soaked diabetes; three stepfathers were alcoholics. On the subject of his mother, to whom the book is dedicated, Mr. Newlove is mum; but the reader has to wonder if she too had the "good man's fault," as Irish Catholics, in self-defense, call alcoholism.

But if Mr. Newlove got a bad deal from heredity, he got no better one from culture. Early on the movies gave him a gorgeous example of dissipation; a stint in the postwar Marine corps made drink seem the elixir of virility; and every prominent literary figure from Faulkner and Fitzgerald and Hemingway to Steinbeck and O'Hara and Sinclair Lewis made the hangover seem as necessary to the career of an American writer as ambition. Perhaps Mr. Newlove would not have become an alcoholic if he had come of age in a later generation, in the 1950s and 1960s, say, when marital infidelity, not booze, was the big vice among our writers. But we are in danger here of spiritualizing a disease, for it was not the example of drunken writers that kept Mr. Newlove drinking but the chemical tyrannies of alcohol. Alcoholism, Mr. Newlove reminds us, is an organic disorder, not a socially patterned defect.

The story of how Mr. Newlove struggled to overcome his disease is a charged piece of writing—haunting, eloquent, altogether memorable. But this makes up only a little more than half, 115 pages, of this short book; the rest is a pastiche of familiar scenes from the lives of alcoholic writers, written in an evangelical, finger-pointing style which seems another voice entirely from that of the self-laceratingly authentic underground man who makes the first half of this book such compelling reading. It's the literary equivalent of a temperance meeting: enough to make you crave a good stiff drink.

Jack Beatty

Correction:

Jacobo Timerman's memoir, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, was translated from the Spanish by Toby Talbot, not Tony Talbot, as we wrote in our review in the previous issue.

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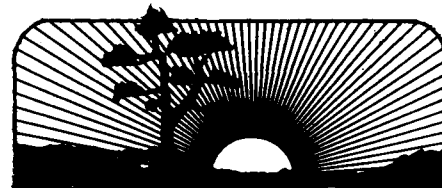
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Even as the Russian shadow deepens, Poland continues to transform itself. Every day seems to bring some new precedent. The independent union's national newspaper, *Solidarity Weekly*, circulates 500,000 copies of each 16-page issue. The *Weekly* set a momentous precedent in its first issue in late March. On its front page, it told its readers: "Our newspaper is subject to censorship. It appears on the basis of the Gdansk Agreement and was established under the concluded terms of these agreements. It is therefore true that the *Weekly* will be subject to limitations. . . . We cannot be held accountable for this. Sometimes our silence will be more eloquent than the printed page." It may not seem like much, but this editorial note marked the first time in the history of the Polish People's Republic that a censored periodical was allowed to speak of the censorship apparatus.

Another precedent is being set by the publication of public opinion polls, one of which appears in the April 24 issue of *Solidarity Weekly*. Conducted by the Warsaw Solidarity Center for Social Studies, the poll deals with March negotiations with the Polish government about police attacks upon Solidarity activists in Bydgoszcz. The questionnaire principally tries to determine whether the March decision to call off the general strike was correct. Questioning was conducted at 25 factories randomly selected from among the 369 large enterprises in the Warsaw region. A total of 270 workers were polled, 80 percent of whom turned out to be Solidarity members. Of those questioned, 91 percent agreed that the decision to call off the general strike was a good one; six percent disagreed with the decision; and three percent expressed no opinion. Respondents were also asked to list what they felt were the most critical issues facing the union in its negotiations with the government. In descending order of importance, they were the registering of Rural Solidarity (which was since agreed to); punishment of those guilty of the attacks in Bydgoszcz; establishment of "equitable" and "judicious" censorship regulations; and access by Solidarity to the mass media.

Democracy brings with it some para-

doxical problems, as Solidarity is quickly learning. A Polish Catholic intellectual who has attended a number of factory union meetings tells me that there is a concern about unanimity in voting, even for the routine resolutions on which there can be no question of differences. This is because union members fear even a superficial similarity to the ceremonial unanimity of the old government-run trade union meetings. Yet, despite broad agreement, Solidarity meetings are often freewheeling, indeed raucous, affairs. As Bayard Rustin, with whom I am visiting Poland, observes, "What Solidarity needs most is *Robert's Rules of Order*." In May and June Solidarity has been conducting regional elections. They mark the first nationwide democratic electoral process in postwar Poland. The regional elections are expected to result in the displacement of some of the union's more militant leaders. In the words of Catholic writer Kazimierz Wóycicki, "Within Solidarity there is a conflict between those who were the first leaders of the strike movement and the new workplace leaders who have emerged in the last few months." The strike movement's leaders are more militant. It was they who challenged Walesa in an effort to push Poland to the brink of a general strike last March. The election of more moderate factory leaders to the union's highest councils will strengthen Walesa's hand.

Almost every Pole I encounter speaks with fondness about Western radio broadcasts. "Radio Free Europe played an exceptionally important role in facilitating the emergence of Solidarity," one union leader tells me, "not by inciting workers but simply by letting them know the facts about what was happening." There are four radio stations in Warsaw. People call Radio Free Europe "Warsaw Five." These days, though, even the state-run Polish radio and television are becoming agencies of "subversion." Their broadcasts can be picked up in the western parts of the USSR. In Lvov, an important cultural center in Soviet Ukraine and a center of dissident opposition, people turn on their TV sets and watch Polish broadcasts of negotiations between Solidarity and the Warsaw government. It's easy to imagine the effect on Ukrainians, who readily

understand Polish, of seeing Lech Walesa negotiating as an equal with Polish ministers.

To judge by the Soviet press, the Pole whom Russians hate most is Jacek Kuron, a founding member of KOR, the dissident Committee for Social Self-Defense. Kuron has been accused of being everything from a "reactionary" to a "Trotskyist" (and in the same article at that). Today Kuron, a 47-year-old former university lecturer, is a Solidarity adviser, assisting the union in developing programs, long-term strategies, and negotiations with the government. In December Kuron elicited a storm of Soviet protests with a speech he delivered before hundreds of students at Warsaw University. In response to a question about the "Russian threat," Kuron asserted that Poland shares no common borders with Russia. "Our country is bordered by Byelorussia and the Ukraine," he said. Moreover, Kuron continued, "So long as there is no independent Ukraine, there can be no independent Poland." Kuron ruffled Soviet feathers by touching upon the USSR's nationality problem, but his point of view is not isolated. Many Poles are convinced that the "Polish disease" will inevitably spread to other Eastern bloc countries, and to the USSR itself. Brezhnev evidently feels the same way. His letter to the Polish central party committee has dramatically deepened the sense of crisis, and with it the recognition that Poland must buy time and act in a way that will not provoke a Soviet invasion.

For the most part Solidarity members display a seemingly unshakable sense of confidence. Yet sometimes their optimism collapses and doubts emerge. One young chairman of a regional Solidarity branch invites me to his home on the pretext of giving me some materials. There is little time before our departure for Warsaw, so I resist. He continues to insist with such vehemence that I finally relent. In his one-bedroom apartment, he introduces me to his wife and two small daughters. Back in the car, he turns to me and says, "Don't forget about them. In case something ever happens to me, don't forget them."

Adrian Karatnycky

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